



No.95

JAN...TEN CENTS



The BATMAN

Detective COMICS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF



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of the

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● FOR A GUARANTEE OF
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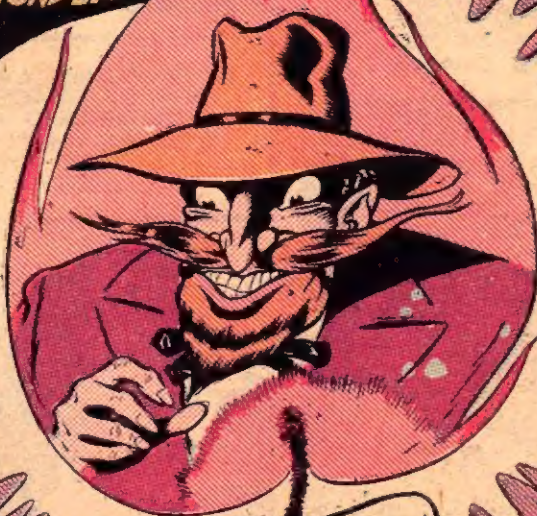


BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
- THE BOY WONDER -

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

UNTIL THE DAY WHEN
ALL EVIL IS VANQUISHED,
BATMAN, PHANTOM
NEMESIS OF THE
UNDERWORLD, MUST
REMAIN A STRANGE
CREATURE OF THE
DARKNESS, MYSTERIOUS
AS NIGHT ITSELF! BUT
SUDDENLY, INTO **BATMAN'S**
DOMAIN FLARES A NEW
KINGPIN OF CRIME ---
THE BLAZE... WHO
A SINISTER OUTLAW WHO
UNLEASHES AN INFERNO
OF MENACE AGAINST THE
FORCES OF JUSTICE! ---
AND TERROR FLAMES IN
THE HEARTS OF **BATMAN**
LAWLESS AS THE DYNAMIC
AND **ROBIN**, THE DYNAMIC
DUO, FIGHT FIRE WITH
FIRE!



ABOARD THE LUXURY GAMBLING
SHIP, THE GOLD CUP...

SOME RAID, THIS!
IT'S A LUCKY THING
BATMAN TIPPED OFF
THE COMMISSIONER!

BATMAN! I'LL GET
EVEN WITH HIM OR MY
NAME AIN'T BIG JOE!

BOB
KANE

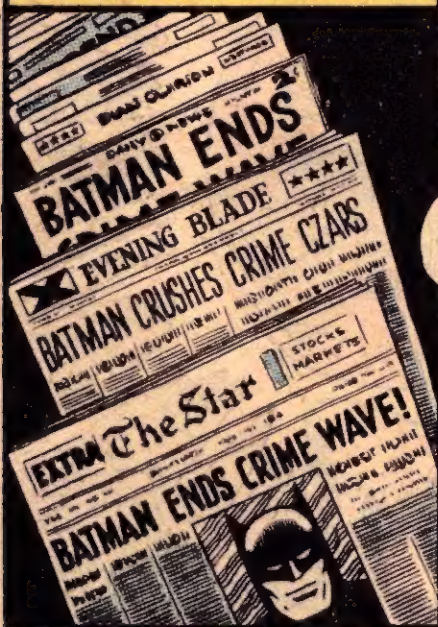
AT THE OFFICE OF ED RAFFERTY, PRESIDENT OF THE ACE PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION...

YOUR RACKETEERING DAYS ARE OVER, RAFFERTY! **BATMAN** SUPPLIED US WITH ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO LAND YOU A SENTENCE AS LONG AS YOUR ARM!

BATMAN! BOY WOULD I LIKE TO TAKE HIM FOR A RIDE!



ROUND-UP TIME! AND DESPERADO AFTER DESPERADO IS SNARED IN THE MESHES OF THE **BATMAN'S** DRAGNET!



A FEW DAYS LATER, AND THE MOTLEY HORDE OF CRIMINALS ARE HERDED ABOARD A SPECIAL TRAIN, TO BEGIN THEIR LAST JOURNEY!

STEP LIVELY, MUGGS! THE TRAIN PULLS OUT IN A MINUTE!

TAKE YOUR LAST LOOK, PAL. IT'S GOODBYE BROADWAY!



AND UP FRONT, AS THE ASSISTANT ENGINEER STARTS TO BOARD THE TRAIN... A CRUEL BLOW FROM BEHIND FELS HIM TO THE GROUND...

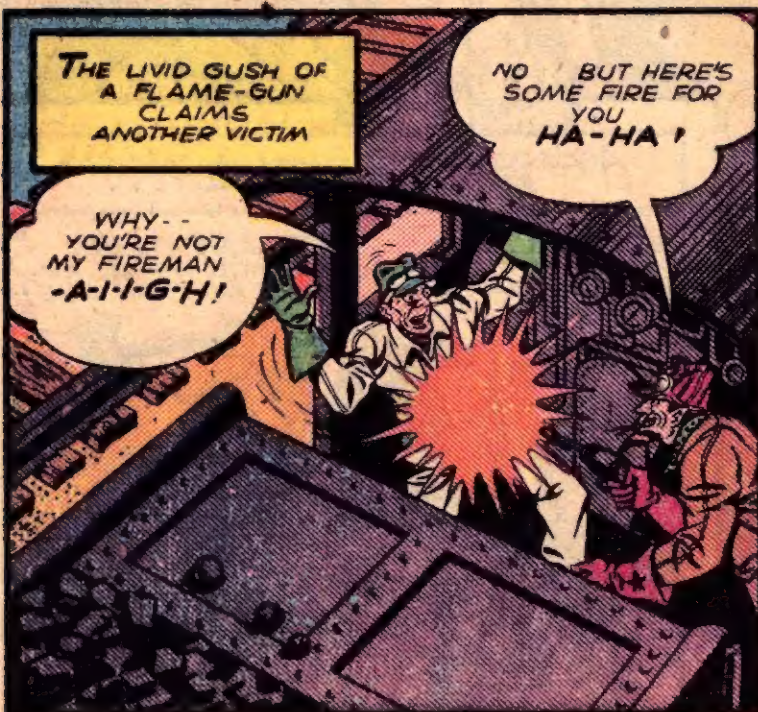
SORRY.. BUT I MEAN BUSINESS!



THE LIVID GUSH OF A FLAME-GUN CLAIMS ANOTHER VICTIM

NO BUT HERE'S SOME FIRE FOR YOU HA-HA!

WHY-- YOU'RE NOT MY FIREMAN -A-I-I-G-H!

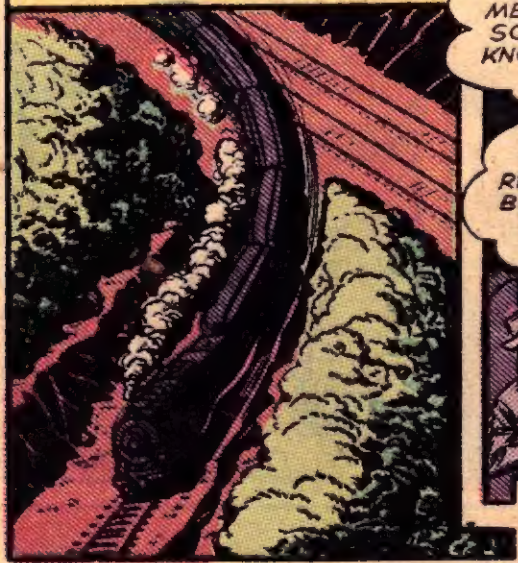


MYSTERY RIDES THE THROTTLE AS THE MIGHTY TRAIN THUNDERS INTO THE NIGHT... A DEATH EXPRESS!

A CARGO OF THE GREATEST KILLERS AND CROOKS OF CRIMEDOM ABOARD THIS TRAIN? WHAT A PRIZE TO SNATCH FROM THE HANDS OF **BATMAN**! AND I CAN DO IT-- I-- THE **BLAZE**!



WHISTLES SHRIEKING, THE MIGHTY TRAIN ROCKETS THRU THE NIGHT... AND SUDDENLY VEERS OFF SHARPLY ONTO A NEW SET OF TRACKS BESIDE THE MAIN ROAD...



INTO THE WOODS PLUNGES THE TRAIN, FOLLOWING THE STRANGE DETOUR. FINALLY, THE HISS OF AIR BRAKES... AND THE TRAIN STOPS!

HERE I AM, MEN! RIGHT ON SCHEDULE! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

RIGHT, BOSS!

WATCH OUR SMOKE!



THE GRIM GHOULES OF GANGDOM BOARD THE TRAIN...

LAST STOP! EVERYBODY OFF!

NO YOU DON'T!



ANYBODY ELSE WANT TO MEET MY CHOPPER?



LAW AND LAWLESSNESS CLASH IN DEADLY COMBAT..

SHOOT TO KILL, MEN! BUT DON'T AIM AT THE PRISONERS!

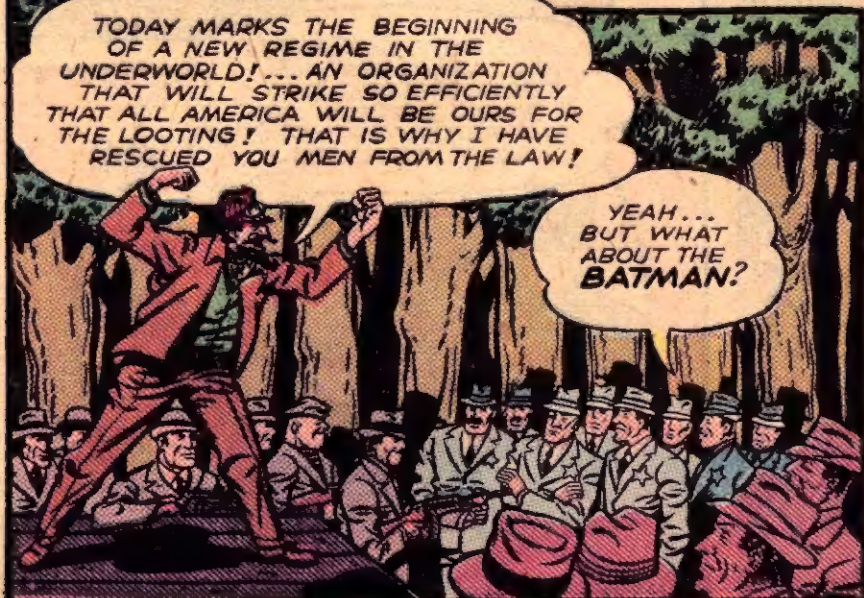
OOOF!



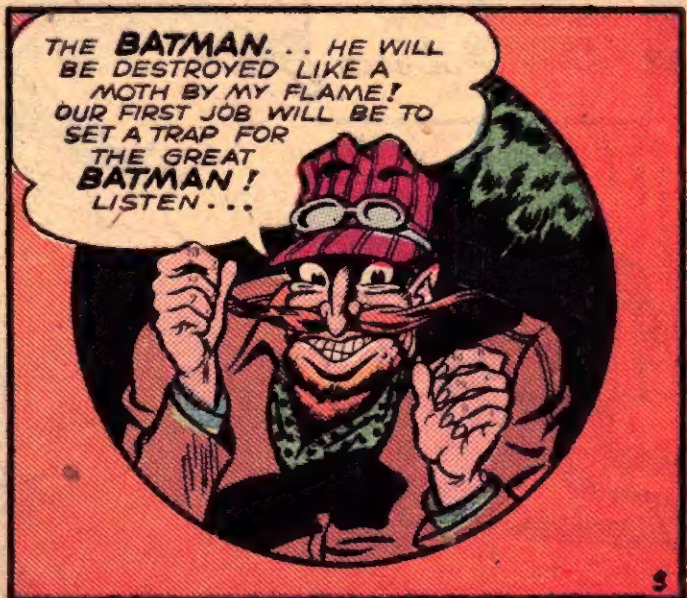
LATER... AFTER THE SMOKE OF BATTLE...

TODAY MARKS THE BEGINNING OF A NEW REGIME IN THE UNDERWORLD!... AN ORGANIZATION THAT WILL STRIKE SO EFFICIENTLY THAT ALL AMERICA WILL BE OURS FOR THE LOOTING! THAT IS WHY I HAVE RESCUED YOU MEN FROM THE LAW!

YEAH... BUT WHAT ABOUT THE BATMAN?



THE BATMAN... HE WILL BE DESTROYED LIKE A MOTH BY MY FLAME! OUR FIRST JOB WILL BE TO SET A TRAP FOR THE GREAT BATMAN! LISTEN...



THE NEXT DAY... AND COMMISSIONER GORDON RECEIVES A VISITOR.

ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF... I AM BARON VON PELTZ. TONIGHT I CELEBRATE MY BIRTHDAY-- BUT MY ENEMIES HAVE SWORN TO KILL ME AT MIDNIGHT. I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE YOUR FAMOUS **BATMAN** PROTECT ME!

BATMAN PROTECT YOU... IMPOSSIBLE! HE'S NO ORDINARY DETECTIVE... HE ACCEPTS ONLY SPECIAL CASES! MY POLICE CAN GUARD YOU!

MAYBE I AM UNDULY ALARMED... BUT I'M PREPARED TO DONATE A CHECK FOR \$10,000. TO THE POLICE BENEFIT FUND IF YOU CAN GET **BATMAN** TO HELP ME!

WELL, I CAN'T MAKE ANY PROMISES... BUT I'LL TRY AND PERSUADE HIM. IT'S LUCKY FOR YOU I'M SEEING **BATMAN** AT THE POLICE GRADUATION EXERCISES TONIGHT!

OUTSIDE THE POLICE STATION, THE "BARON" REMOVES HIS MONOCLE, LAUGHS SATANICALLY...

AT MIDNIGHT, IT WILL BE THE **BATMAN** VERSUS BLAZE... AND I KNOW WHO WILL BE THE VICTOR! HA...HA...



MEANWHILE, IN THE APARTMENT OF BRUCE WAYNE AND YOUNG DICK GRAYSON, WHO ARE, IN REALITY, THE **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**... THE BOY WONDER!

MOMENTS LATER, TWO CLOAKED FIGURES RACE LITHELY THRU THE DARKNESS...



THE PAIR SOON REACH THEIR DESTINATION... A VAST ASSEMBLY ROOM WHERE ONE HUNDRED POLICE ROOKIES ATTEND GRADUATION EXERCISES!

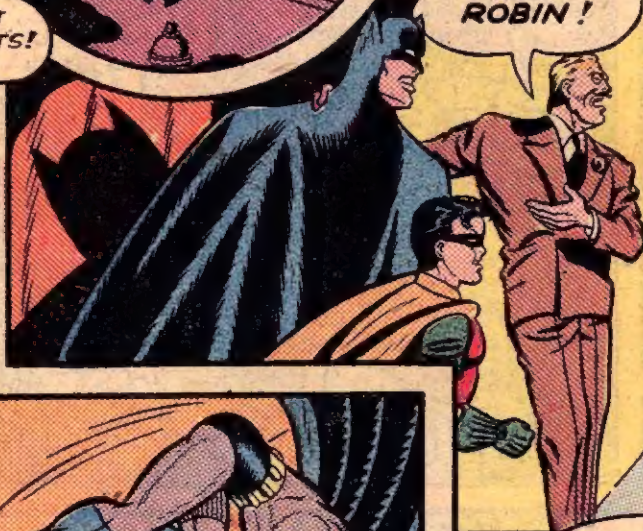
SEEMS STRANGE-- PUTTING ON THESE THINGS WHEN WE'RE NOT ON A CASE! I FEEL AS IF WE WERE ON A BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY!

RIGHT! THIS IS ONE TIME WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT DODGING BULLETS!

MEMBERS OF THE CITY'S FINEST... I GIVE YOU THE NATION'S GREATEST CRIME-CRUSHERS. **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**!

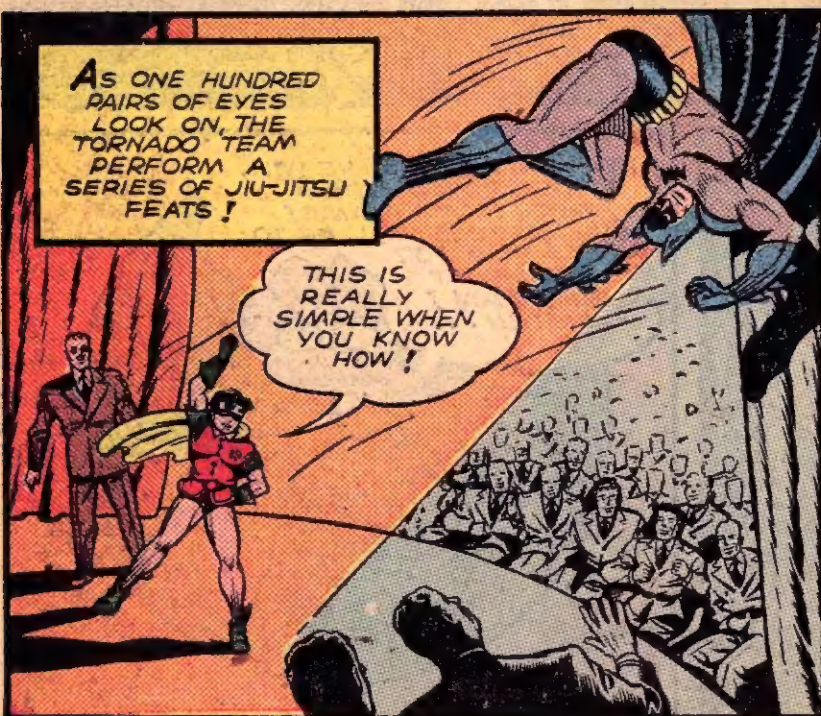
HURRAY... **BATMAN**!

BRAVO!



AS ONE HUNDRED PAIRS OF EYES LOOK ON, THE TORNADO TEAM PERFORM A SERIES OF JIU-JITSU FEATS!

THIS IS REALLY SIMPLE WHEN YOU KNOW HOW!



AND NOW, **BATMAN** WILL CONCLUDE HIS PERFORMANCE BY A DEMONSTRATION OF HIS ABILITY AT MAKE-UP AND DISGUISE!



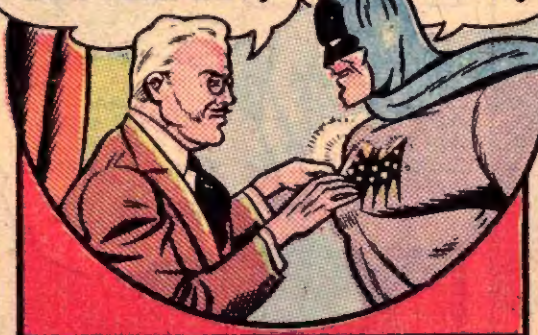
BATMAN RETIRES BEHIND A SCREEN... HIS HANDS DEFTLY APPLY GREASE PAINT AND MAKE-UP... AND A MOMENT LATER HE STEPS OUT IN HIS NEW DISGUISE! TWO COMMISSIONER GORDONS STAND THERE!



LATER... THE COMMISSIONER CONCLUDES THE CEREMONIES BY BESTOWING A SPECIAL HONOR ON **BATMAN**!

WE WANT YOU TO ACCEPT THIS DIAMOND-STUDDED **BATMAN** BADGE AS A TOKEN OF OUR RESPECT!

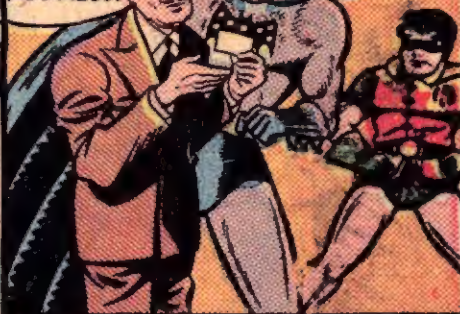
THANKS... I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY! THANKS AGAIN!



AFTERWARDS...

AND SO I TOLD VON PELTZ I'D TRY AND PERSUADE YOU TO BE AT HIS PLACE AT MIDNIGHT. HERE'S HIS ADDRESS.

GLAD TO OBLIGE! I'M ALL DRESSED UP WITH NO PLACE TO GO ANYWAY!



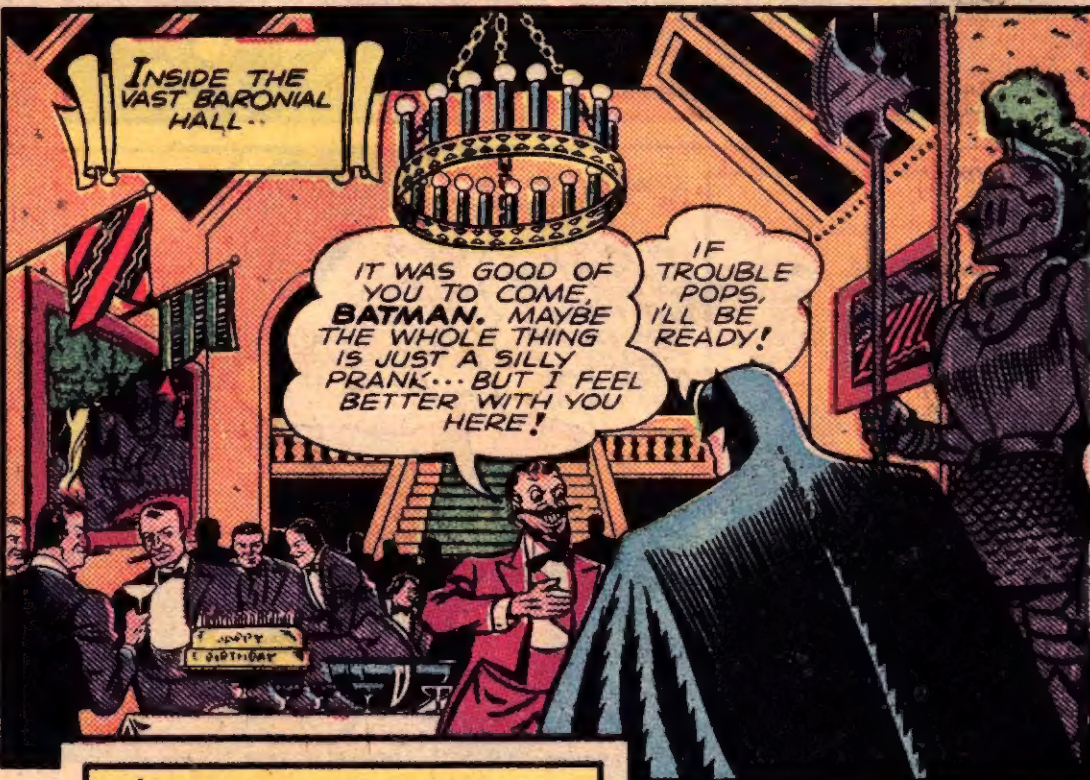
LATE THAT NIGHT... AND THE POWERFUL **BATMOBILE** ROARS UP BEFORE THE VON PELTZ HOME...

THE WHOLE THING'S PROBABLY A FALSE ALARM, **ROBIN**! YOU WAIT OUT HERE AND STUDY YOUR MULTIPLICATION TABLES MEANWHILE!

SAVE ME A PIECE OF THE BIRTHDAY CAKE, 'PAL!



INSIDE THE VAST BARONIAL HALL...



IT WAS GOOD OF YOU TO COME, **BATMAN**. MAYBE THE WHOLE THING IS JUST A SILLY PRANK... BUT I FEEL BETTER WITH YOU HERE!

IF TROUBLE POPS, I'LL BE READY!

IT IS ONLY WHEN ONE'S BIRTHDAY COMES THAT ONE REALIZES HOW QUICKLY THE YEAR HAS PASSED BY!... WOULD YOU CARE FOR A SLICE OF MY CAKE?

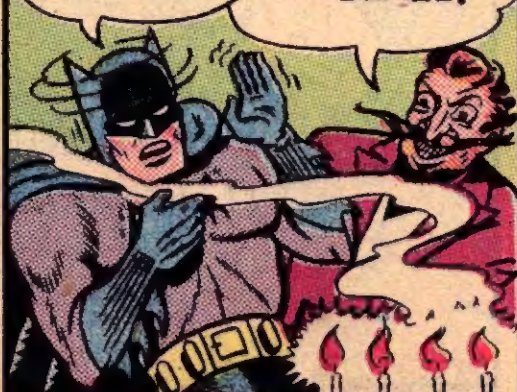
I SURE WOULD!



AS **BATMAN** BENDS OVER THE CAKE, THE FLAMES OF THE CANDLES IGNITE A SLEEP-PRODUCING GAS... A LETHAL VAPOR ENVELOPS THE CRIME-FIGHTER!

I'M GETTING DROWSY. TRAPPED..

YES. TRAPPED! TRAPPED BY A FLAME! THAT'S WHY THEY CALL ME THE **BLAZE**!



THE SENSE-NUMBED **BATMAN** LASHES OUT FUTILELY...

FOOL TO THINK YOU CAN SNUFF OUT THE **BLAZE**! I HELD MY BREATH WHILE I LIT THE CANDLES!



A WORD FROM THE SINISTER CRIME-LEADER..... AND HIS TUXEDED HENCHMEN UNCOIL INTO ACTION..

ALL RIGHT, MEN! THAT STEEL-MESH NET... IT OUGHT TO HOLD THE **BATMAN**... THE POOR FISH! HA HA!

COMING, BOSS!

A CABLE IS ATTACHED TO THE STEEL NET... AND THE UNCONSCIOUS **BATMAN** IS HOISTED INTO MID-AIR..

YES, SIR BOYS. THE **BATMAN'S** OPERATIONS ARE... SHALL WE SAY... TEMPORARILY SUSPENDED ?

I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE HIS FACE WHEN HE COMES TO!

A FEW MINUTES LATER..

MY HEAD... FEELS LIKE A BALLOON... WHAT HAPPENED... OHHH... I'M TRAPPED!

TAUNTING LAUGHTER ROLLS UP TO **BATMAN'S** EARS... THE MOCKING SCORN OF THE NATION'S LEADING PUBLIC ENEMIES!

REMEMBER ME, **BATMAN**? I'M RED BABBITT. YOU SENT ME UP FOR LIFE... BUT FROM, NOW ON ITS THE LIFE OF RILEY FOR ME! HA HA!

YOU GOT ME A TICKET FOR THE HOT SEAT, CHUM! SORRY, BUT I WON'T BE USING IT!

NOW YOU'RE CAUGHT IN A DRAGNET. AIN'T IT A LAUGH!

STEEL WIRE! NO CHANCE OF BREAKING THIS. THE ONLY THING THAT CAN CUT THRU IS DIAMOND! **DIAMOND**... THAT'S IT. MY **BADGE**!

QUICKLY, SURREPTIOUSLY, **BATMAN** REMOVES HIS DIAMOND BADGE, RUBS ITS KEEN-FACETED EDGE ACROSS ONE OF THE WIRE STRANDS..

THOSE RATS MEAN BUSINESS. I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING... FAST!

I'M USING THIS BADGE SOONER THAN I THOUGHT!

AND NOW MEN, HOW SHALL WE EXECUTE OUR FRIEND? ANY SUGGESTIONS?

TOMMY-GUN!

NAW. BURN HIM ALIVE!!

BACK AND FORTH... BACK AND FORTH... ACROSS THE STEEL WIRE HE DRAWS THE SUPER-HARD GEM... UNTIL...

SUCCESS! AND NOW TO REPEAT THE STUNT!

SNAP

DESPERATELY BATMAN RACES AGAINST TIME... STRAND AFTER STRAND IS SAVED THROUGH... AND THEN...

SORRY... BUT I'M ALLERGIC TO FLAME!

WELL, BATMAN... I'M GOING TO BURN YOU UP... WITH THIS ACETYLENE TORCH!

THE NEMESIS OF THE UNDERWORLD SLIDES THRU THE OPENING HE HAS CUT IN THE MESH NET... KICKS OUT!

SEE WHAT I MEAN?

THE BATMAN'S LOOSE! GET HIM!

THE HUMAN PENDULUM SWINGS THRU THE AIR LIKE A SWEEPING SCYTHE !!

ROBIN WILL NEVER FORGIVE ME FOR BEING OUT OF THIS!

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

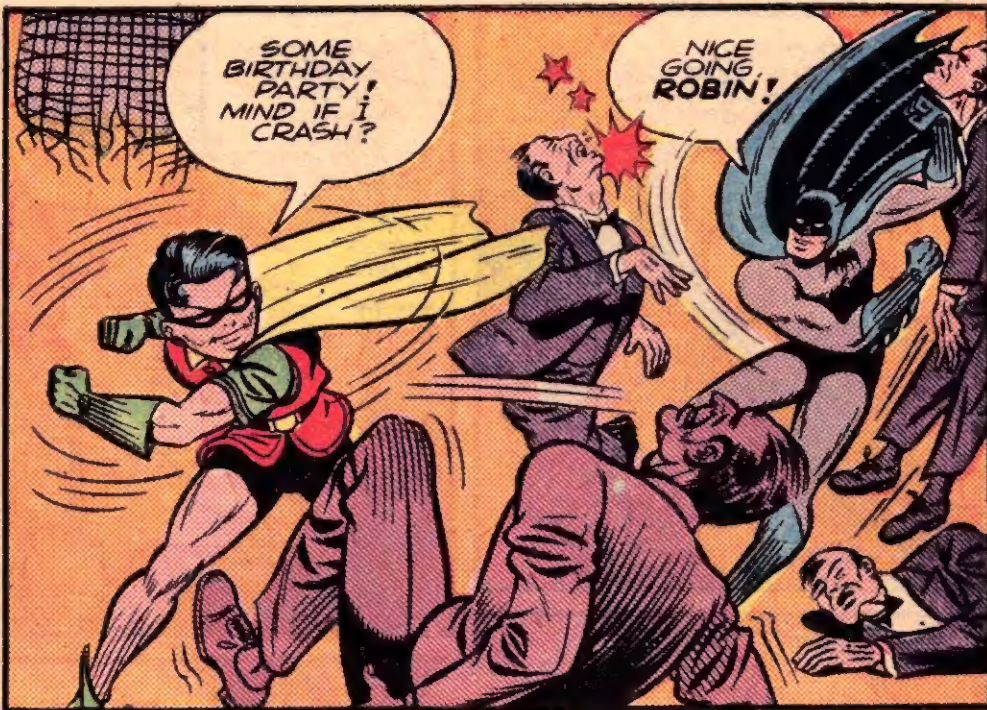
HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

AND HERE ARE THE RETURNS OF THE DAY!

OUTSIDE, ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER, HEARS THE STACCATO GUN-SHOTS...



GUNFIRE!
THAT SOUNDS
LIKE MY
CUE!



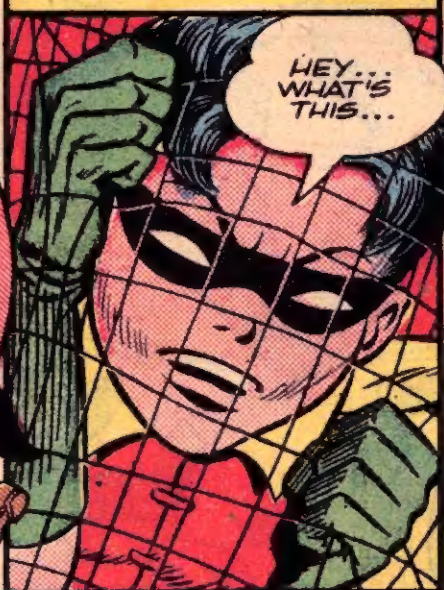
SOME
BIRTHDAY
PARTY!
MIND IF I
CRASH?

NICE
GOING
ROBIN!



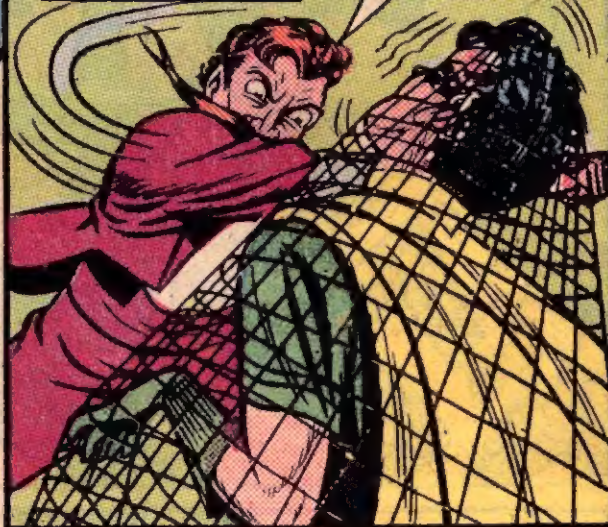
THIS'LL
STOP
THAT
LITTLE
WILDCAT
!

THE CABLE SEVERED...
THE STEEL MESH
DESCENDS ON ROBIN..



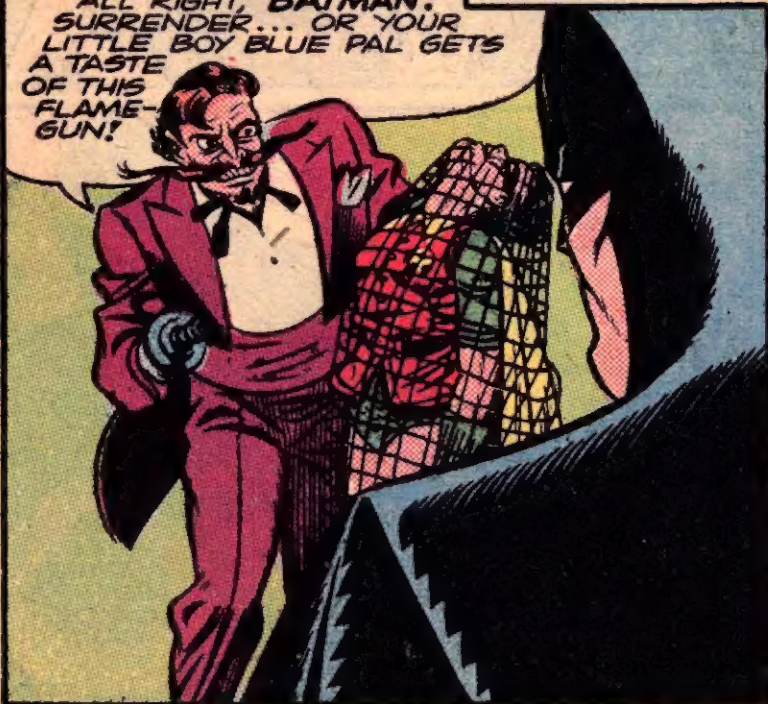
HEY...
WHAT'S
THIS...

AND
A MOMENT
LATER
THE BLAZE
LASHES OUT
WITH A CRUEL
BLOW...



NEXT TIME
DON'T ATTEND
BIRTHDAY
PARTIES
UNLESS YOU'RE
INVITED!

ALL RIGHT, BATMAN!
SURRENDER... OR YOUR
LITTLE BOY BLUE PAL GETS
A TASTE
OF THIS
FLAME-
GUN!



I GUESS THIS
IS YOUR ROUND...
COME AND
TAKE ME!

FROM THE
FRYING PAN
INTO THE FIRE...
HOW'LL I GET
OUT OF THIS
SPOT?

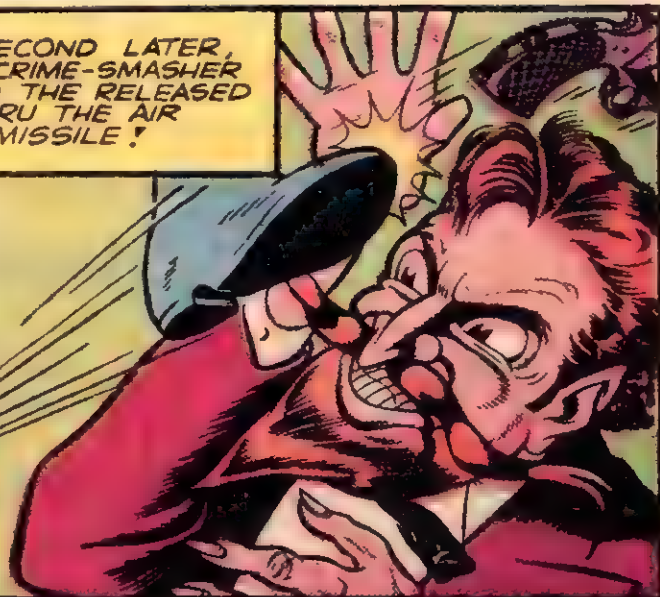
BATMAN TALKS SWIFTLY, DESPERATELY STALLING FOR PRECIOUS MOMENTS... SIMULTANEOUSLY, HE USES THE TOE OF ONE FOOT TO EASE THE BOOT OFF THE OTHER...



THEN, A SPLIT SECOND LATER, THE BLACK-CLAD CRIME-SMASHER KICKS OUT... AND THE RELEASED SHOE SPEARS THRU THE AIR LIKE A DEADLY MISSILE!



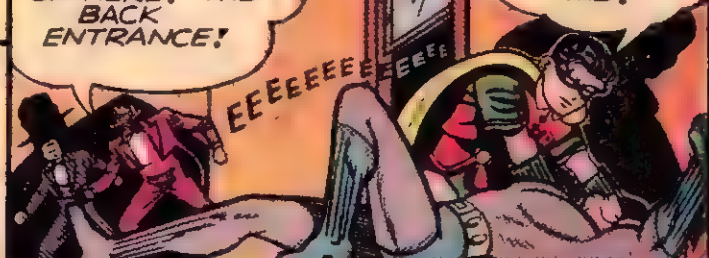
ANOTHER POINT FOR MY SIDE!



SUDDENLY, THE SHRILL SCREAM OF POLICE SIRENS CLEAVE THRU THE AIR...

THE COPPERS! THEY HEARD THE SHOOTING! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! THE BACK ENTRANCE!

BATMAN! BATMAN! SPEAK TO ME!



I THINK THIS EVENS THE SCORE!



BUT AS THE **BATMAN** LUNGES IN, A TREACHEROUS BLOW FROM BEHIND FELS THE CRIME-CRUSHER...



UP ABOVE, ON THE WINDOW LEDGE, A SMALL FIGURE SURVEYS THE TUMULTUOUS SCENE BELOW...

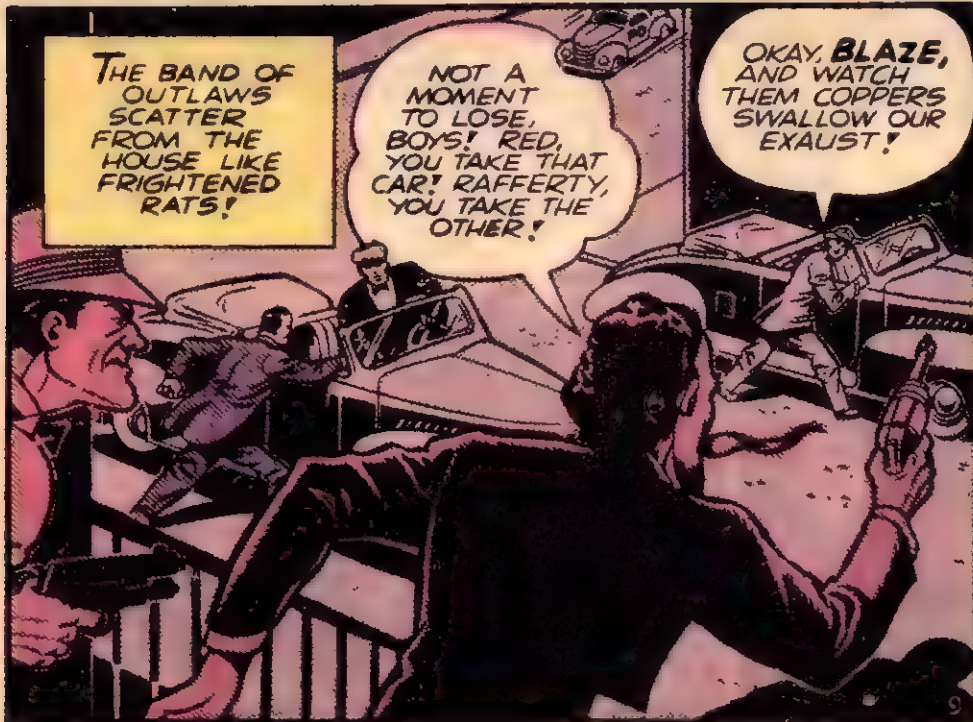
HERE GOES NOTHING!



THE BAND OF OUTLAWS SCATTER FROM THE HOUSE LIKE FRIGHTENED RATS!

NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE, BOYS! RED, YOU TAKE THAT CAR! RAFFERTY, YOU TAKE THE OTHER!

OKAY, **BLAZE**, AND WATCH THEM COPPERS SWALLOW OUR EXHAUST!



DOWN PLUMMETS THE LAUGHING BOY WONDER IN AN AMAZING ACROBATIC LEAP.....

FIRST DOWN—GOAL TO GO!

AAGH—

BUT A CRUEL, CRUSHING BLOW FROM BEHIND FELS THE GALLANT YOUTH....

THIS'LL STOP THE WILDCAT!

KEEP HIM IN THE CAR! THE COPPER'S WON'T DARE SHOOT AT US FOR FEAR OF HURTING THE KID!

AND AS THE GETAWAY CARS ROCKET OFF, HIDDEN EXHAUST PIPES SPURT DENSE CLOUDS OF BLACK SMOKE....

THAT'S WHAT I CALL PERFECT CAMOUFLAGE!

BY THE TIME THAT SMOKE CLEARS WE'LL HAVE LOST THEM!

AT THE WATERFRONT HIDE-OUT... A RAMSHACKLE WAREHOUSE WHOSE ROTTING TIMBERS BULK GLOOMILY IN THE EERIE MOONLIGHT...

SMOKE GETS IN THEIR EYES! HA, HA! TO THE WATERFRONT HIDEOUT, BOYS!

RIGHT, BOSS! NO WONDER YOU CALL YOURSELF THE BLAZE — AFTER THE WAY YOU FIGHT 'EM WITH FIRE AND SMOKE!

HERE WE ARE, MEN!

THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS.. NO ONE'S BEEN INSIDE FOR MONTHS!

THE FLICKERING RAYS OF A SEARCHLIGHT CAST EERIE SHADOWS AS ROBIN'S LIMP FIGURE IS DRAGGED ACROSS THE DUST-CAKED FLOOR OF THE WAREHOUSE...

MAYBE I'M GETTING OLD (COUGH, COUGH) BUT THIS BRAT SEEMS TO WEIGH A TON! AND THIS HEAVY DUST DON'T HELP MY PIPES NONE! (COUGH, COUGH)

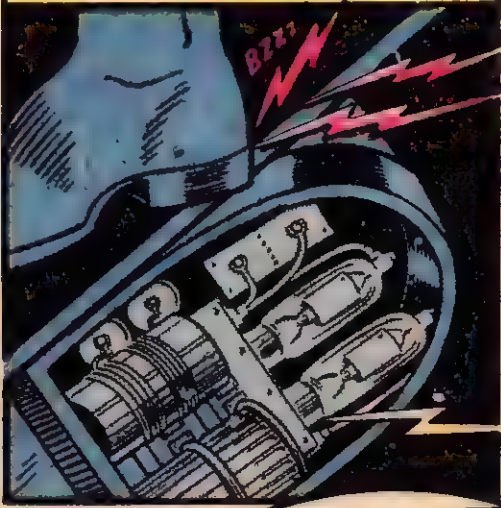
SHUT UP! WE'RE ONLY STAYING HERE UNTIL TOMORROW AFTER-NOON!

MILES AWAY... AND A NERVE-WROUGHT BATMAN KEEPS AN ALL-NIGHT VIGIL IN COMMISSIONER GORDON'S OFFICE...

I TELL YOU, COMMISSIONER, IF THEY SO MUCH AS HARM A HAIR OF ROBIN'S HEAD, I'LL GET THEM.... IF I HAVE TO SEARCH EVERY RAT-HOLE IN THE COUNTRY!

DON'T WORRY, BATMAN. ROBIN CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF!

THE GRAY FINGERS OF DAWN ARE ETCHING THE SKY... WHEN ABRUPTLY... FROM THE COMPACT WIRELESS IN THE HEEL OF BATMAN'S BOOT... ISSUES A FAMILIAR BUZZING SIGNAL!



COMMISSIONER! WAKE UP! ROBIN'S ALIVE... HE'S SIGNALLING ME!

HUH... I MUST HAVE DOZED OFF... WHAT'S UP?

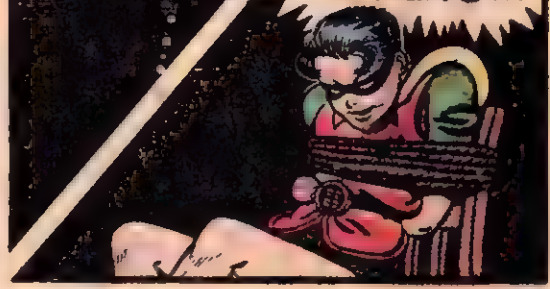


A MOMENT LATER, ROBIN'S S.O.S. FLASHES TO BATMAN'S WAITING EARS...



ROBIN! WHERE ARE YOU?

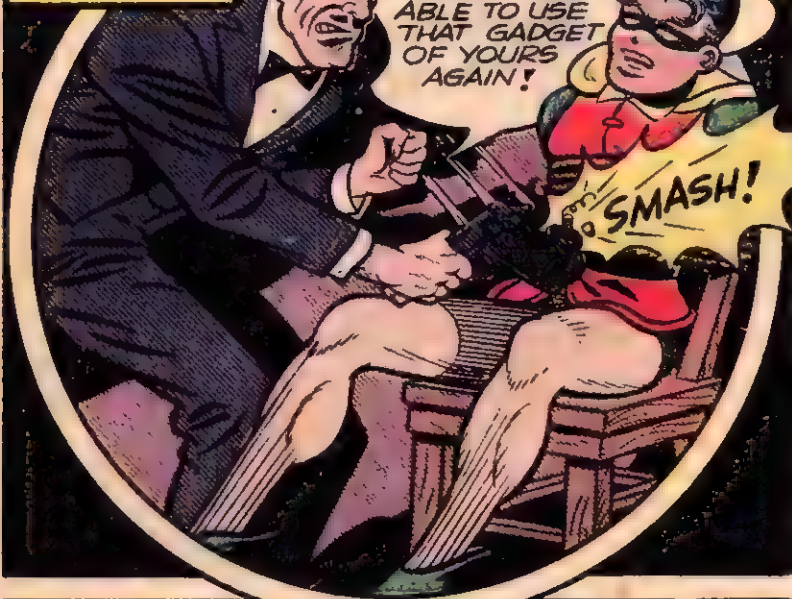
CAN'T TALK... AM AT WAREHOUSE ON PIER 8...



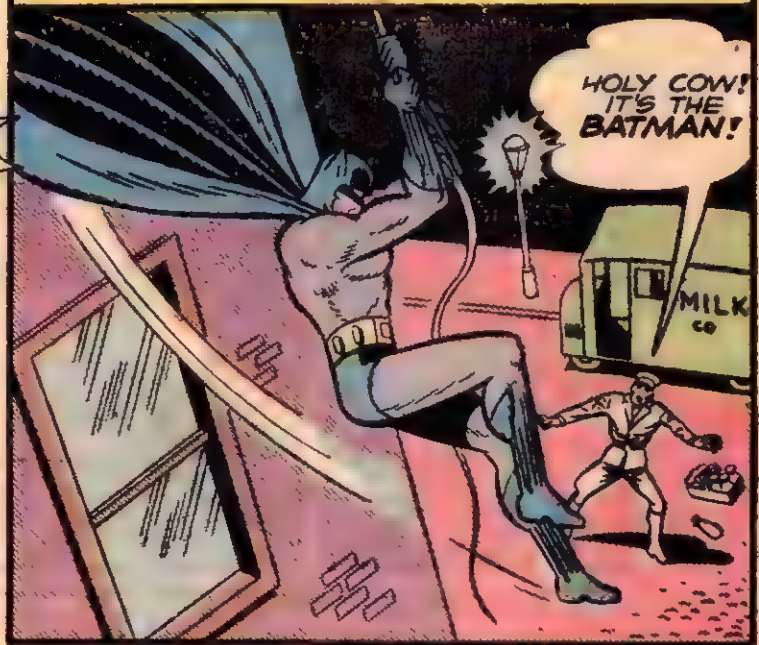
AND AT THE WAREHOUSE..

TRYING TO TIP OFF YOUR PAL, THE BATMAN, EH? WELL, YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO USE THAT GADGET OF YOURS AGAIN!

SMASH!



BUT THE BATMAN HAS HEARD ENOUGH! EBON CLOAK UNFURLED BEHIND HIM, THE NEMESIS OF CRIME SWINGS DOWN TO THE STREET BELOW ON SILKEN CORD...



HOLY COW! IT'S THE BATMAN!

OFF INTO THE DISTANCE ROARS THE BATMOBILE, LIKE A RUNAWAY METEOR!



DOESN'T THAT GUY EVER SLEEP? WHAT A MAN!

BACK AT THE HIDEOUT, THE BLAZE, ONCE AGAIN PLANS PLUNDER AND PILLAGE!

TODAY WE STRIKE AT THE CITY MUSEUM! THERE ARE TREASURES THERE WORTH A KING'S RANSOM!

BUT I THOUGHT WE WERE GONNA KNOCK OFF THE BATMAN FIRST! IF WE DON'T, HE'S BOUND TO GET IN OUR HAIR!



EXACTLY! AT THIS VERY MOMENT THE **BATMAN** IS RUSHING HERE... THANKS TO OUR YOUNG PRISONER. THE **BATMAN'S** SUCH A **BIG SHOT** WITH THE LAW I'LL ARRANGE A FITTING RECEPTION!

HA, HA! I GET IT, BOSS! YOUR IDEA WILL GO OVER WITH A BANG!

MOMENTS LATER, THE VICIOUS VANDALS VANISH INTO THE MISTY MORN... AND PRESENTLY THE BLACK-CLOAKED CRIME-FIGHTER CRASHES IN UPON THE SCENE..

SIT TIGHT, **ROBIN!** I'LL HAVE YOU LOOSE IN A JIFFY!

SUDDENLY... AS THE ACE MANHUNTER LUNGES IN TO FREE HIS COMRADE IN COMBAT... THE BOY WONDER KICKS OUT BRUTALLY

HEY!

HMM.... NOW WHY DID **ROBIN** DO THAT... AND JUST WHEN I WAS TRYING TO UNTIE HIM! THERE MUST BE A REASON!

A MOMENT LATER **BATMAN** COUNTERS FOR THE SAVAGE KICK WITH AN EQUALLY MAD ACTION...

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER, PAL... AND OUT OF THE WINDOW AND INTO THE WATER YOU GO!

WHAT STRANGE MOTIVE LIES BEHIND THIS WILD BY-PLAY BETWEEN THE TWO FRIENDS ??...

AND NOW **BATMAN** ARROWS INTO THE WATER, DIVING AFTER THE HELPLESS BOY WONDER...

BENEATH THE SURFACE OF THE WATER **BATMAN'S** NIMBLE FINGERS FLASH INTO ACTION, FREEING **ROBIN** OF HIS BONDS....

AND SPLIT SECONDS LATER BOTH FRIENDS ZOOM TO THE SURFACE...

SORRY TO GIVE YOU THE SUDDEN BATH, **ROBIN...** BUT I HAD TO!

AND I'M SORRY I HAD TO KICK YOU, **BATMAN.** BUT I KNEW IT WOULD MAKE YOU DEDUCE THAT THE **BLAZE** HAD "WIRED" ME FOR DEATH... AND THAT A BOMB UNDER THE CHAIR WOULD GO OFF WHEN YOU TOUCHED MY BONDS!

WATER-SOAKED AND USELESS, THE DEADLY BOMB THAT WAS TO HAVE ENDED THE CAREERS OF **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** RESTS BENEATH THE SEA....

THAT AFTERNOON....
AT THE CITY MUSEUM....

I'D
LIKE TO
DONATE
THESE
MUMMY
CASES
TO YOUR
MUSEUM.

YES... WE
FOUND THEM
IN ONE OF THE
EGYPTIAN
PYRAMIDS
ON OUR LAST
EXPEDITION!

I CAN
HARDLY
WAIT TO
OPEN
THEM!

A MODERN TROJAN HORSE!

THEY'RE
NOT
MUMMIES...
THEY'RE
GANG-
STERS!

YES... THE BEST
IN THE TOWN!
AND THEY'RE
COLLECTORS, TOO!

YEAH...
WE WANT TO
COLLECT SOME
OF THE
TREASURES
IN THIS
PLACE!

SUDDENLY... RINGING ACROSS
THE FLOOR CAME THE MOCKING
TONES OF THE DYNAMIC DUO!

SORRY TO BURN YOU
UP, BLAZE - BUT
YOU'LL HAVE TO
COLLECT ME FIRST!

AND
DON'T
FORGET
ROBIN!

BATMAN!
RUSH HIM,
MEN!

WEIRD BATTLE IN THE HALL OF FOSSILS!

THIS
MASTODON ISN'T
COMPLAINING...
SO WHY SHOULD
YOU?

I'VE
GOT A
BONE
TO PICK
WITH
YOU!

WHIRLWIND ACTION... WINDMILL FISTS FLYING!

KEEP 'EM
FLYING!

OOF

DOUBLE...

PLAY!

LATER

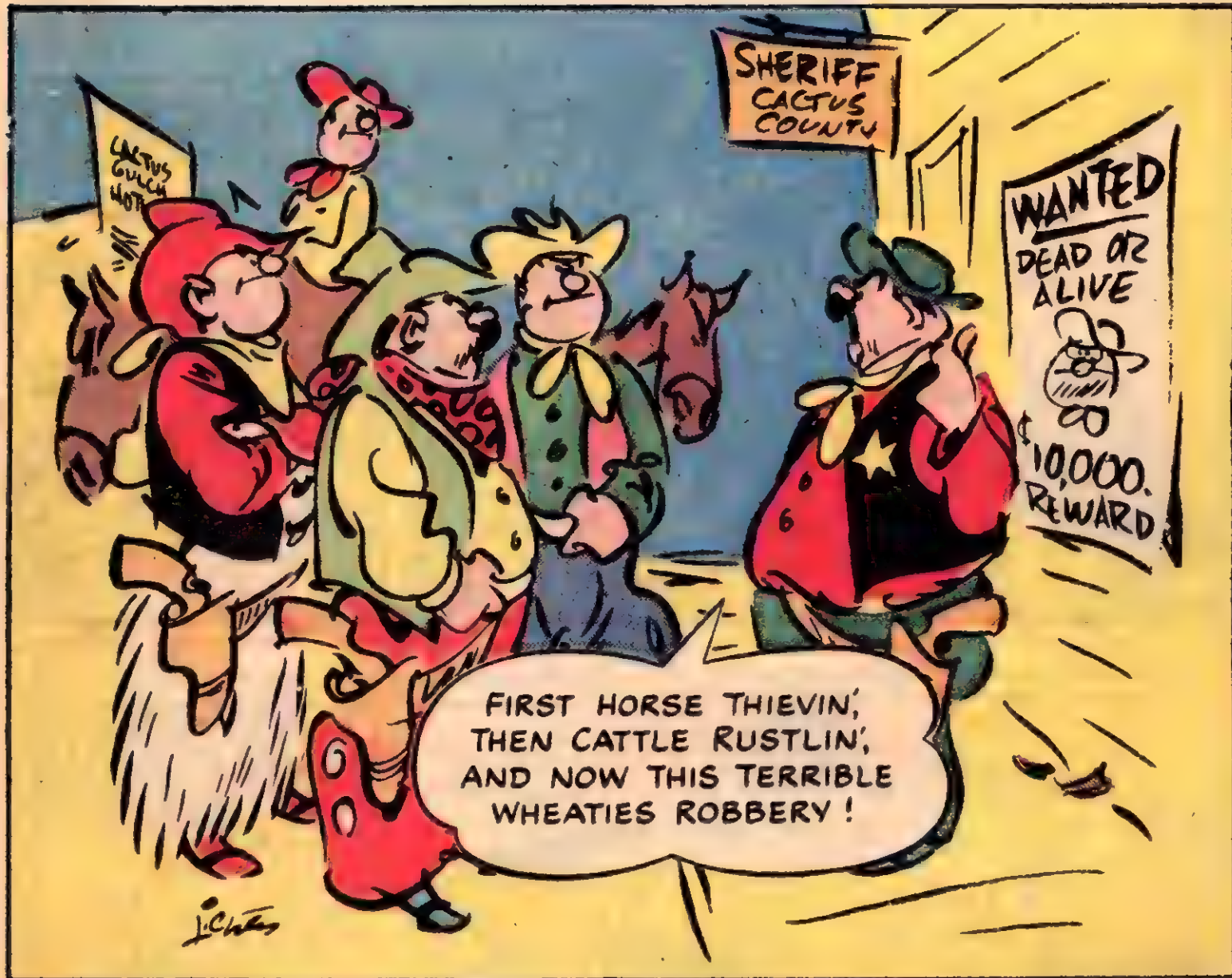
I'M
NOT
HAPPY!

YES, BOYS... AND
YOU'LL BE
LOOKING
THRU IRON
BARS
REAL
SOON!

MORAL - IT DOESN'T
PAY TO HAVE A
SKELETON IN
THE CLOSET!

THESE BONES...
THEY GIMMIE THE CREEPS...
LOOK LIKE BARS!

BOB
KANE



STAKE OUT A CLAIM
FOR YOUR WHEATIES
EVERY MORNING!

NOT MUCH LAW IN CACTUS GULCH. BUT THERE HAS TO BE
PLENTY OF THEM THAR WHEATIES. FOLKS REALLY
GO FOR THOSE SWELL WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES.

RECKON YOU'LL LIKE WHEATIES, TOO. THEY'RE ROAST-
ED GOLDEN BROWN. CRISP AND CRUNCHY AND FLAVORED
JUST RIGHT TO MAKE A BIG HIT WITH YOUR APPETITE.
CHUCK FULL OF ZESTY TOASTED TASTES AND MELLOW
MALT-SWEET SYRUP. AND BEHIND ALL THAT GOOD EAT-
ING IS LOTS OF SOLID WHOLE GRAIN NOURISHMENT.

LIGHT OUT FOR YOUR GROCERS AND PACK HOME A
LOAD OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF
CHAMPIONS." YOU'LL WANT 'EM MIGHTY REGULAR.
EVERY MORNING FOR BREAKFAST. SOMETIMES FOR
LUNCH OR SUPPER. OFTEN FOR SNACKS.

**BREAKFAST OF
CHAMPIONS**

WITH MILK AND FRUIT



Wheaties and Breakfast
of Champions are registered
trade marks of General Mills,
Inc.

A Product of
GENERAL MILLS, INC.

'THREE-RING' BINKO

FOR FORTY YEARS (MAN AND BOY)
A CIRCUS MANAGER—NOW A TOP-FLIGHT
TALENT SCOUT AND BOOKING AGENT...

CHUM, YOU ARE NOW GAZING ON "GRISTLE" GOWANUS—
THE ALL-OUT, ALL-TIME CHAMPION STRONG MAN OF
THIS OR ANY OTHER WORLD—I'M ONLY RIPPIN' THESE
TWO PHONE BOOKS INTO CONFETTI, WIT' ONE FLIP
O' ME WRIST, JUST T'GIVE Y'A SAMPLE IDEA O' ME
UNHUMAN STRENGTH—DOIN' THE VERY SAME THING
WIT' A COMPLETE SET OF ENCYCLOPEDIACKS IS
REALLY MY FAVORITE DISH—SO HOWZABOUT
GRABBIN' Y'SELF A GOLD MINE ON TH' HOOF BY
SIGNIN' ME UP WIT' A CONTRACT FOR LIFE?

SO YOU THINK
YOU'RE STRONG, EH?
WELL JUST GO LIMP
IN THAT CHAIR FOR
A WHILE, FALLEN
ARCHES, WHILE OL'
PAPPY BINKS
TELLS YOU ABOUT
"HERCULES" HOTCHA—
THE BEHEMOTH
OF BICEPS —
WOTTA MAN !!



.. T'WAS BACK ABOUT THUTTY YEARS AGO, I WAS
TRAIPSING THROUGH THE TALL TIMBER COUNTRY
OF THE NORTHWEST WITH A WHEEZY ONE-TENT
FREAK SHOW, WHEN ONE DAY —

HOWDY, PODNER, I'M HERK HOTCHKINS,
M'TRADE'S LUMBER-JACKING, BUT I'VE GOT
AN ITCH TO TRAVEL—HOW'S CHANCES OF YA
TAKIN' ON A STRONG HANDY MAN TO TROUP
ALONG WITH YOUR SHOW?

H'M... WELL, HOW STRONG
DO YOU FOLKS CALL STRONG
OUT THISAWAY, MAH FRIEND?



HE SOON SHOWED ME!

WELL, MR. CIRCUS MAN,
I KIN YANK THESE SCRUBBY
LI'L OL' PINES UP BY THE
ROOTS BARE-HANDED ALL
DAY LONG, IF THAT MEANS
ANYTHING!



SON, I SAW RIGHT AWAY THAT I HAD A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH, SO I SEWED HIM UP PRONTO WITH A ONE-WAY CONTRACT ON THE SPOT...

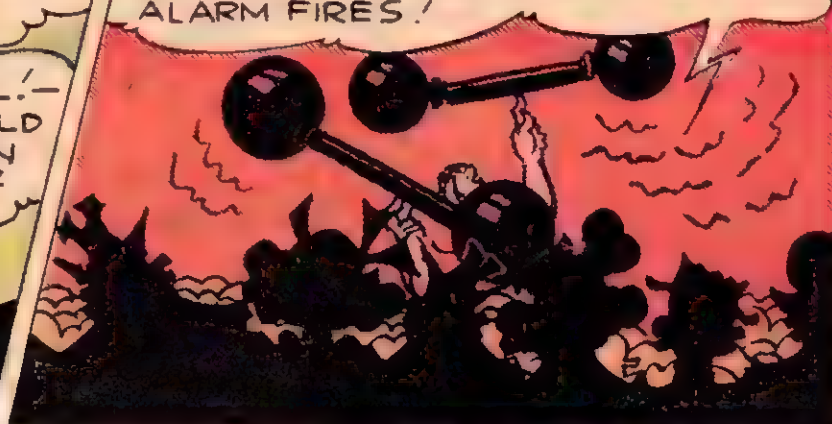
FROM NOW ON, YOU'LL BE KNOWN AND BILLED. AS THE HERCULES HOTCHA, PODNER—I AIM TO MAKE YOU FAMOUS ALL OVER THE WORLD, AND I'LL GIVE YOU \$15. A WEEK AND KEEPIN'S TO BOOT— SIGN THAR!!

S' WONDERFUL!— BUT WHY SHOULD ALL THIS HAPPEN TO LIL' OL' ME?



... HE CLICKED FROM THE VERY FIRST SHOW HE WORKED IN (AND HOW)! HE GOT SO HOT THAT WE FINALLY HAD TO SNEAK OUT OF TOWN AFTER TOWN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT JUST TO KEEP UP WITH OUR ADVANCE BOOKINGS.

YEAH MAN— HAS HE GOT AN ACT! HE'S HOTTER THAN A FLOCK OF THREE-ALARM FIRES!

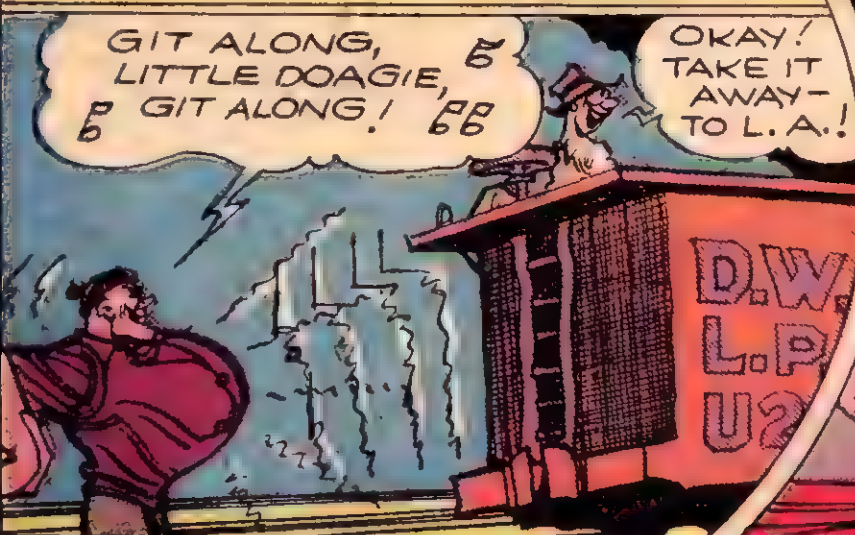


... AND WHAT A CHEST EXPANSION HE HAD! PHEW!— 64 INCHES!— ON ONE TRAIN JUMP, OUR BAGGAGE CAR GOT STUCK IN A SWITCH— HERK JUST TOOK ONE SOLID DEEP BREATH, NUDGED UP TO IT, AND ...

... SOON, A LOT OF THE OTHER TROUPERS GOT JEALOUS OF HERK STEALING THE SPOTLIGHT, ATLAS, THE MAN-MOUNTAIN ACROBAT IN PARTICULAR.....

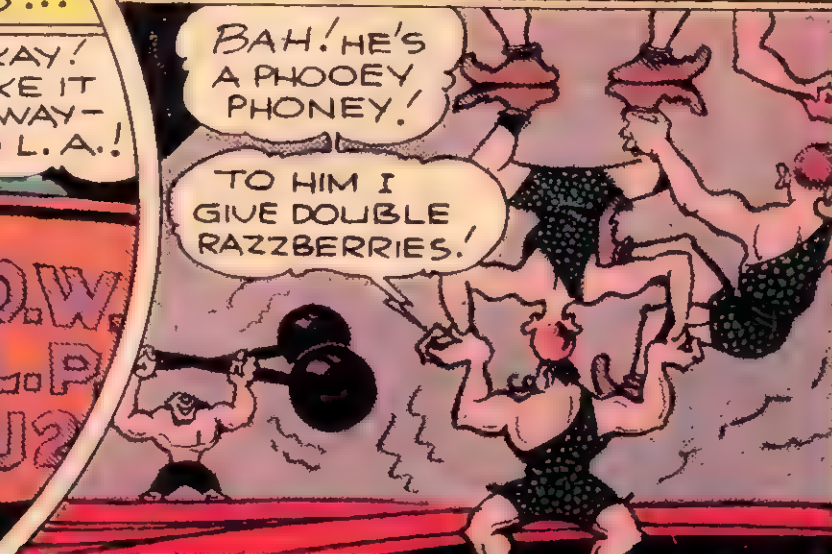
GIT ALONG, LITTLE DOAGIE, GIT ALONG!

OKAY! TAKE IT AWAY— TO L.A.!



BAH! HE'S A PHOOEY PHONEY!

TO HIM I GIVE DOUBLE RAZZBERRIES!



BUT ONE DAY, HERK TIPPED ATLAS BACK SQUARE ON HIS HEELS. ATLAS WAS RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS ACT, WHEN —

... IN A FLASH, HERK STEPPED INTO THE BREACH AND FINISHED THE ROUTINE FOR ATLAS — ONE-HANDED!!

HEY, ATLAS! YER WANTED ON THE PHONE.

LONG DISTANCE!

AND THEY'RE REVERSIN' THE CHARGES!



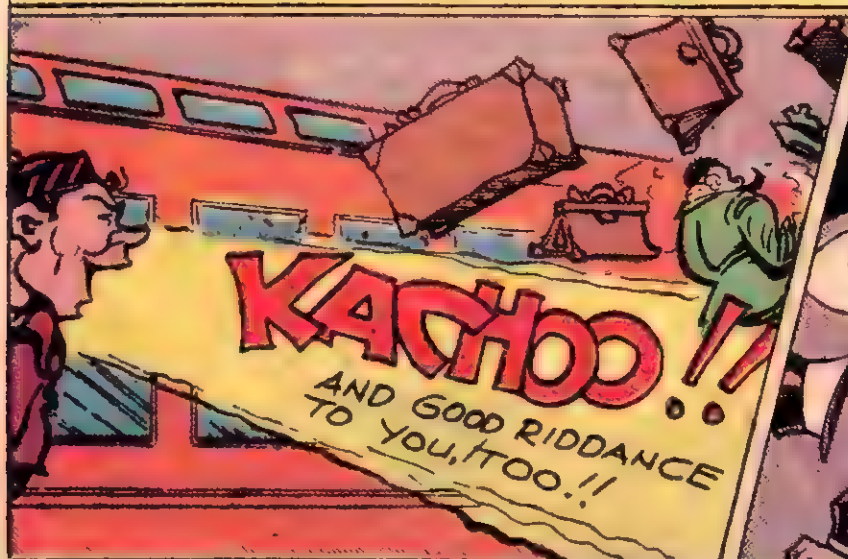
OKAY, ATLAS, I'LL TAKE OVER FOR YOU!

PHOOEY! I'M STILL BAHING YOU, YOU PHONEY!



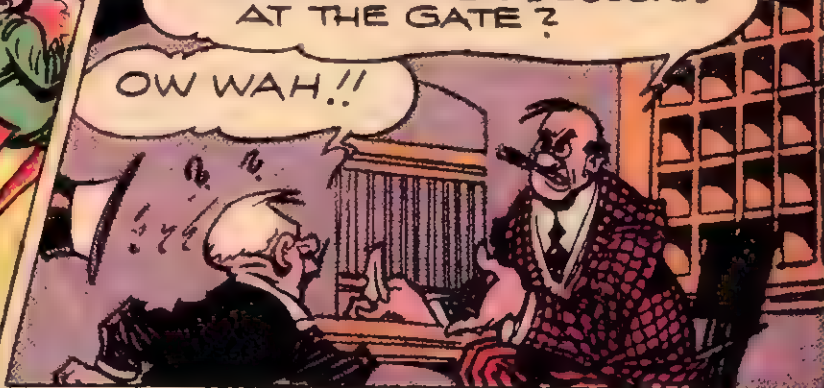
THAT CLOSED THE SHOW FOR ATLAS—PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY RAISED ITS UGLY HEAD AND HE QUIT US COLD, HOPPING THE NEXT TRAIN BACK EAST—HERK SNEEZED HIS LUGGAGE AFTER HIM—

.. **THEN IT HAPPENED!**— AFTER SIX MONTHS OF BOX OFFICE RECEIPTS BEYOND OUR WILDEST FANCY, HERK STARTED SHOWING UP ABSENT—SHOW AFTER SHOW!



BOSS, WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO ABOUT THAT PRIMA DONNA OF OURS—HE DIDN'T SHOW UP AGAIN—I JUST HAD TO REFUND ANOTHER \$2850.25 AT THE GATE?

OW WAH!!



NOW WHERE COULD THAT ALL-OUT SO-AND-SO—AND SO-AND-SO BE HIDIN' OUT WHEN HE GOES ON THESE GANDERS, EMIL?

RIDDLE ME THAT ONE Y'SELF, BOSS—AM I A TEA-LEAF READER?



...BUT WE SOON FOUND OUT!

I'M THE PARK COMMISSIONER OF ROUND CORNERS TOWNSHIP, STRANGER—PAY THIS BILL NOW, \$1800, OR WE'LL SEAL YOU AND YOUR HULL SHOW UP IN THE LOCAL HOOSEGOW TILL THE WINTER OF '46!!



...IT SEEMS THAT EVERY TIME WE PLAYED A TOWN THAT HAD A PARK, THE OLD CALL OF THE FOREST GOT BACK IN HERK'S VEINS AGAIN, AND—

...THEN I HAD A HEART TO HEART TALK WITH HIM—

I KNOW I'VE BEEN A BLUB-BAD BAD BLUB-BOY, BOSS BINKS, BUT THE TEENY-WEENIEST WHIFF OF PINE NEEDLES DOES THINGS TO ME—I'M SORRY, I'LL NEVER DO IT AGAIN!

SHE LOVES ME—

SHE LOVES ME NOT!



OKAY, HERK—DON'T GO PICKING NO MORE TREE BOUQUETS!



...FOR SIX MONTHS HE KEPT TO HIS WORD— THE COIN POURED INTO OUR TICKET WINDOW IN A HIGH-TIDE FLOOD, AND HERK'S FAME GREW WITH LEAPS AND BOUNDS —

...THEN WHAMMO!— A RELAPSE! WE WERE PLAYING A SPLIT-WEEK IN MAINE— HERK FAILED TO SHOW UP FOR OUR SECOND MATINEE, AND WE LEARNED—

TAKE IT EASY, FOLKS — ROOM ENOUGH INSIDE FOR EVERYBODY IN THE STATE — WE JUST HAD RUBBER WALLS STITCHED INTO THE TENT— HAR-HAR-HAR— TAKE IT EASY!

HERCULES NOTCHA WILL POSITIVELY APPEAR TO-DAY!

TICKET OFFICE

THAT DIZZY COOT IS JAMMING UP OUR HULL RIVER WITH LIVE TIMBER, MEN— QUICK! CALL OUT A POSSE — CALL OUT A PARCEL O' POSSES!!

..THEN— ALTHOUGH IT BROKE WHAT HEART I HAD LEFT, I HAD TO LET HIM GO — AFTER I'D PAID ALL DAMAGE CLAIMS (AND THEY TOOK MY LAST PENNY). I JUST HAD TO FIRE HIM OUTRIGHT — YOWZAH!

WHY, NOW I HEAR THAT HE'S DOIN' BETTER THAN EVER, CHUM— BIGGER'N BETTER THAN EVER!

H'MPH— SO WHAT'S THE POOR GUY DOIN' NOW?

PHEW! HOW COME?

WHY, NOW I HEAR HE'S DEVOTIN' HIS DECLININ' YEARS UP IN THE WISCONSIN WOODS— ENLARGING HIS OWN SAWDUST CORPORATION— HE JUST SITS ALL DAY AND GRINDS OUT HAND-MADE SAWDUST— BY THE TON— ON HIS TEN MILE TRACT OF TIMBER!!

OLAF, TELL THE CHOPPERS TO BRING IN MORE SPRUCE AND THEN SPEED UP THIS ASSEMBLY BELT LINE!

STORE HOUSE NO. 10.

YOWZAH!

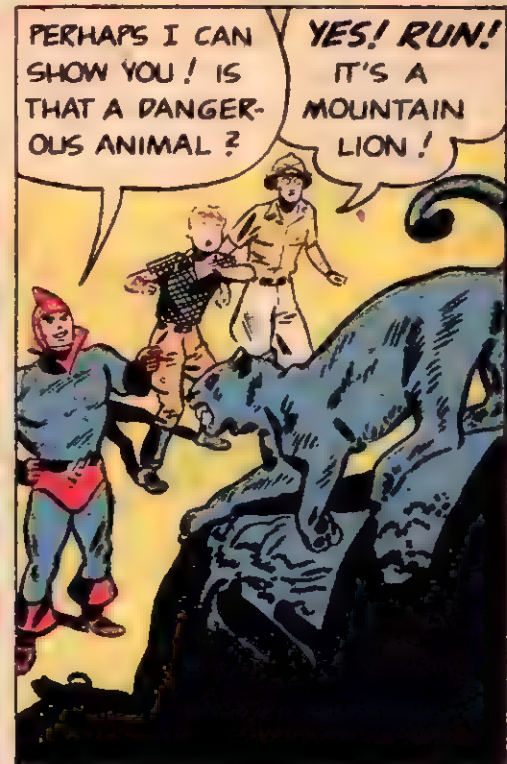
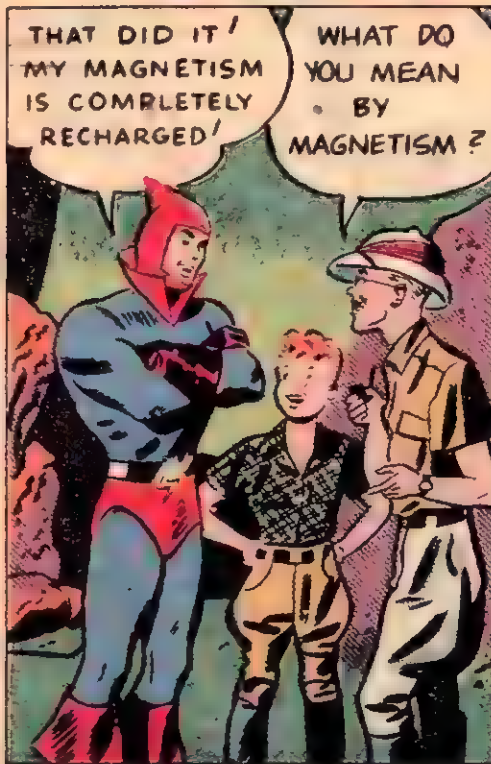
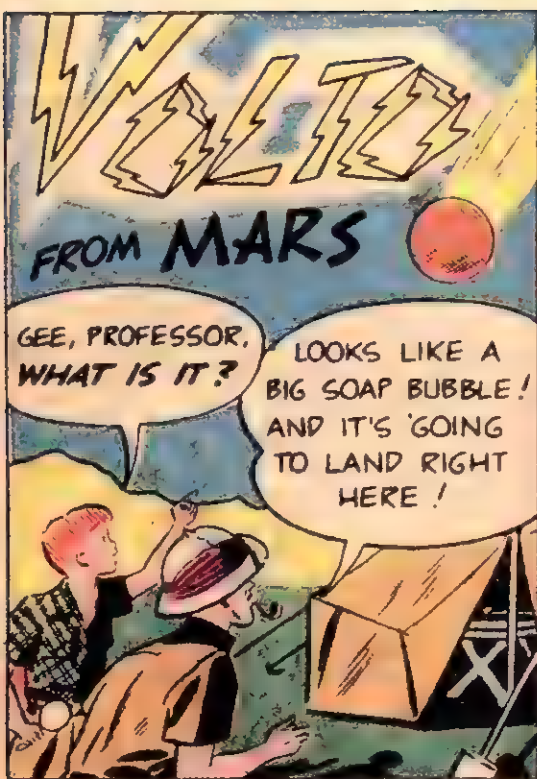
CRUNCH!

HEY!

HEH-HEH-HEH!

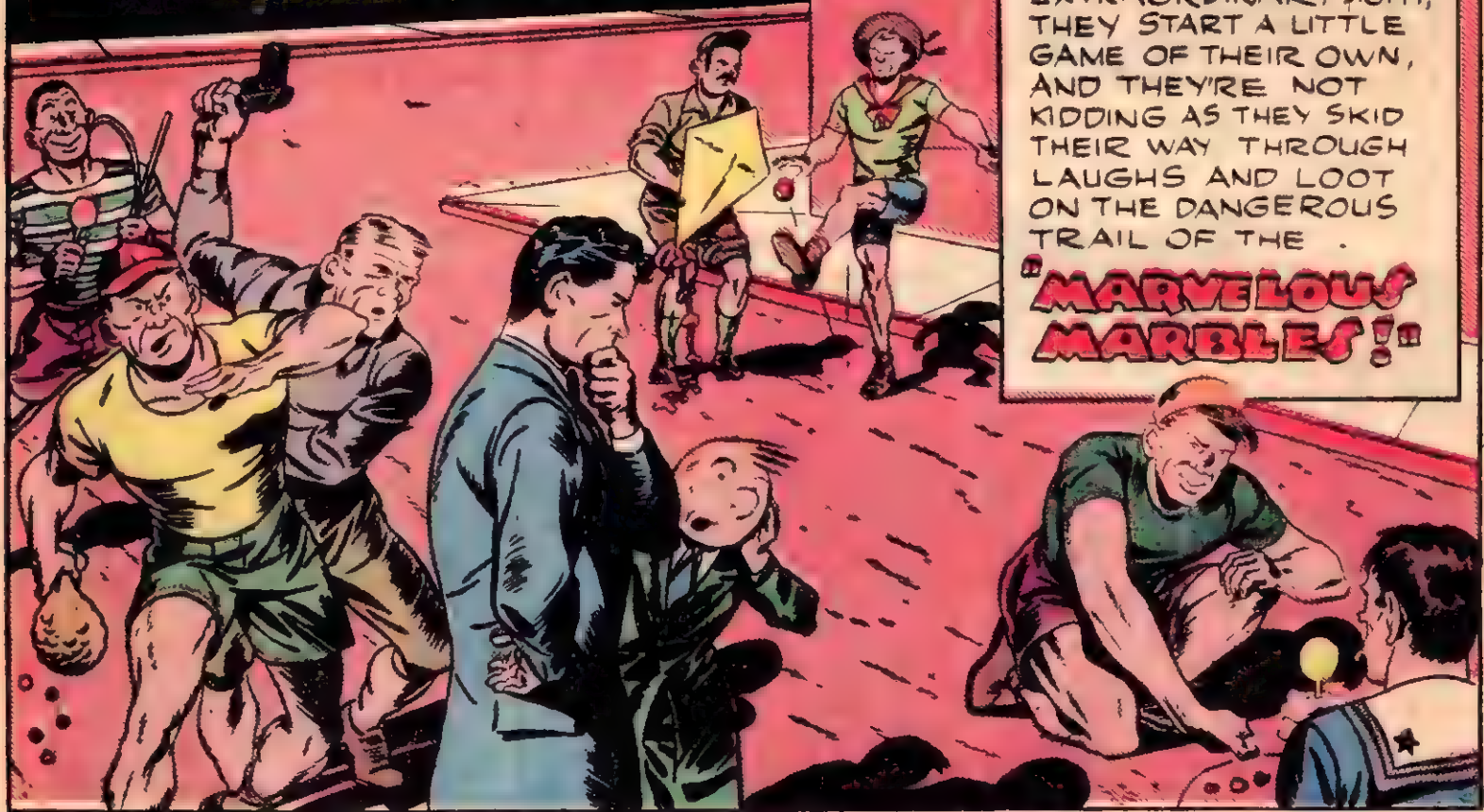
WHERE Y'HEADIN', SON?

ME? I'M LOOKIN' ME UP A WHEELCHAIR — YOU KNOCKED ME FEEBLE, CHUM!!



SLAM BRADLEY

DO YOU THINK THE ONLY THINGS THAT CROOKS GO IN FOR ARE BLAZING GUNS, BRASS KNUCKLES, AND BLACKJACKS, EH? BUT SUPPOSE YOU SAW THE TOUGHEST YEGGS IN TOWN PLAYING HOP-SCOTCH, AND BOUNCE-BALL AND MARBLES! WELL, WHEN PRIVATE DETECTIVE SLAM BRADLEY AND HIS HALF-PINT PAL, SHORTY MORGAN, BEHOLD THIS EXTRAORDINARY SIGHT, THEY START A LITTLE GAME OF THEIR OWN, AND THEY'RE NOT KIDDING AS THEY SKID THEIR WAY THROUGH LAUGHS AND LOOT ON THE DANGEROUS TRAIL OF THE **"MARVELOUS MARBLES!"**

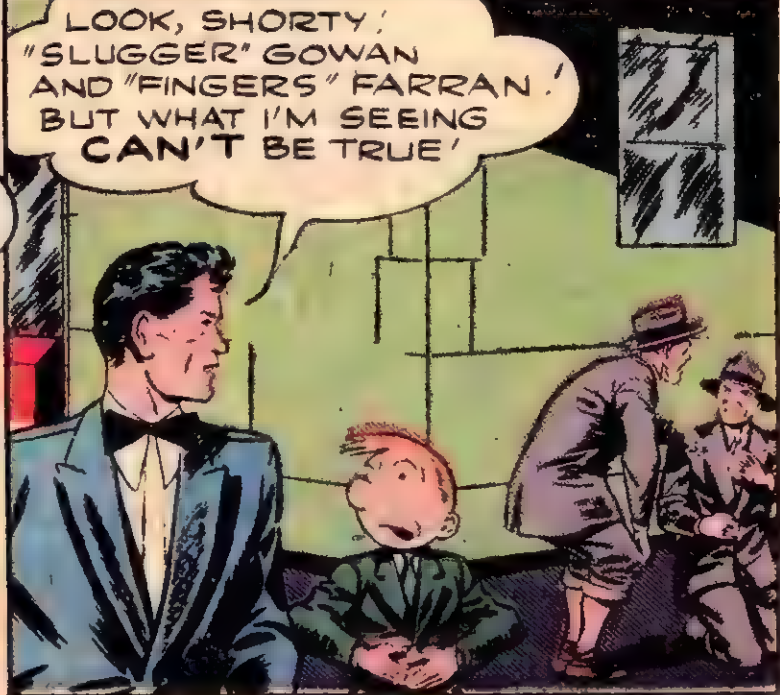
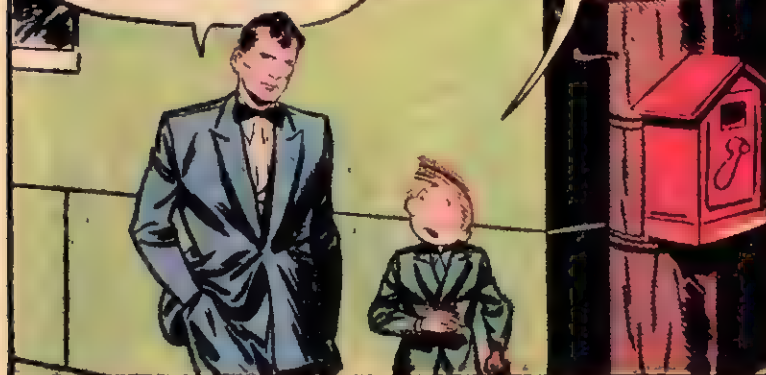


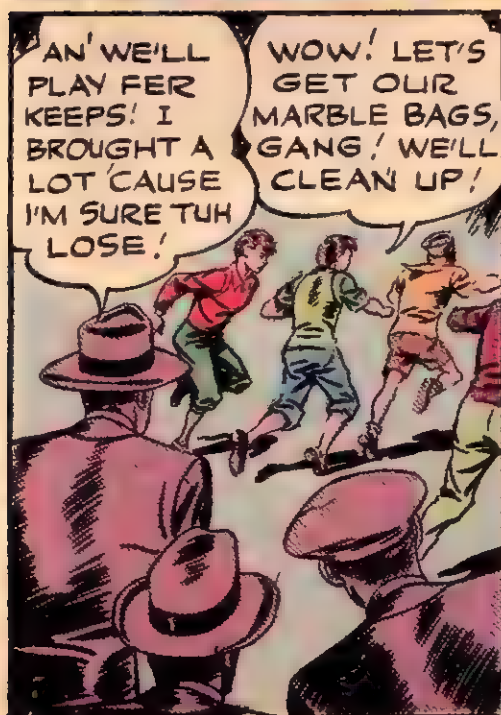
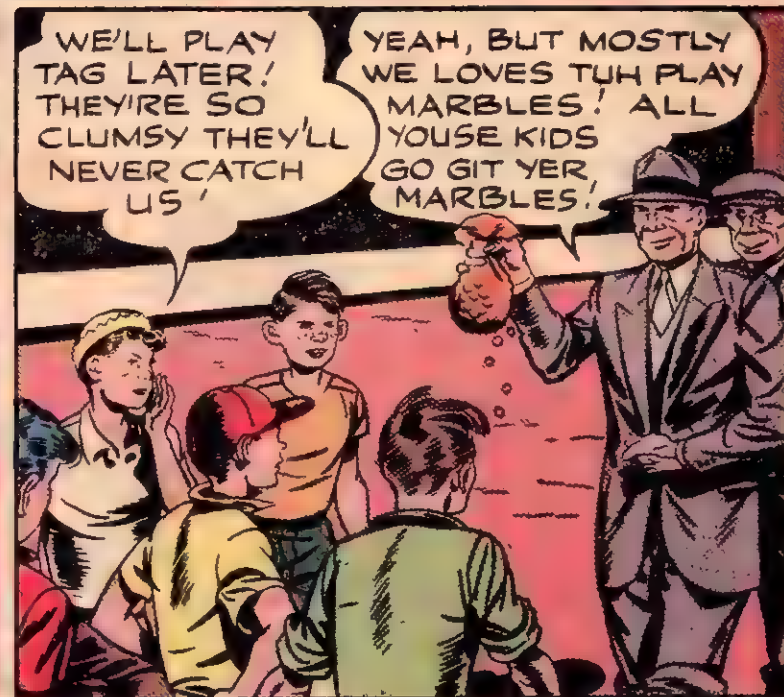
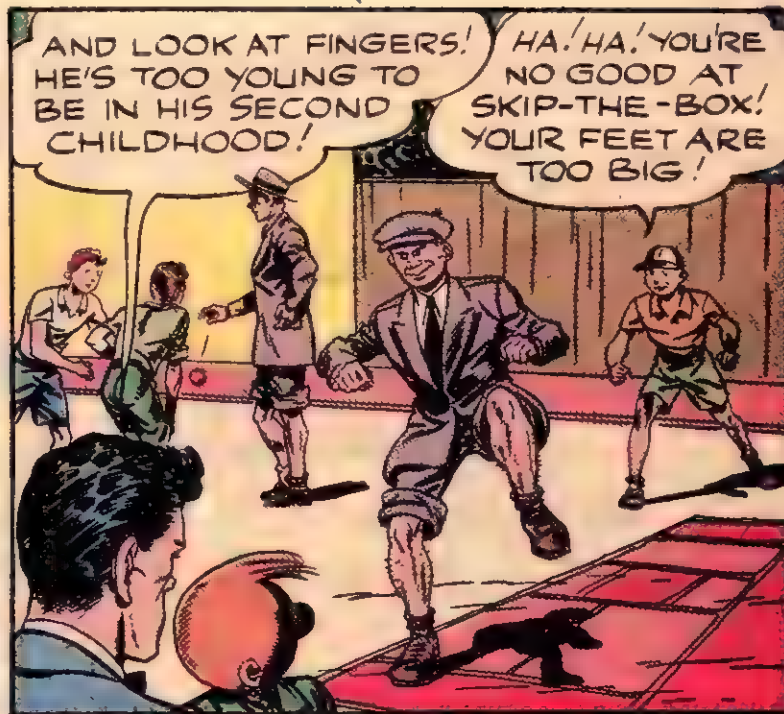
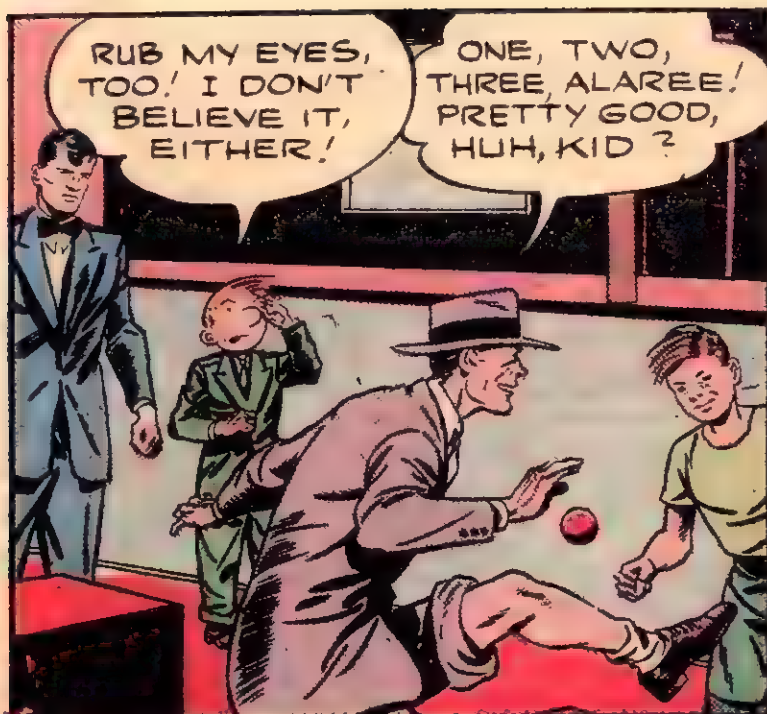
SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN, PARTNERS AGAINST CRIME, HAVE NOTHING THAT JINGLES IN THEIR POCKETS EXCEPT THEIR KEYS...

SO WE'RE BROKE AGAIN, PAL! HOPE WE BUMP INTO A CRIME CASE WE CAN HANDLE FOR A FAT FEE!

I'D EVEN SETTLE FOR A THIN STEAK, SLAM!

LOOK, SHORTY! "SLUGGER" GOWAN AND "FINGERS" FARRAN! BUT WHAT I'M SEEING CAN'T BE TRUE!





SOMEHOW, IT JUST DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!

BEAT IT! AND HERE'S A HEAD-START OF ONE FOOT!

AS THE DUO, BAFFLED, WATCHES THE KINDERGARTEN CAPERS...

NOW I'LL SWAP YUH FIVE UV MINE FER DAT BLUE ONE YUH GOT!

NO DEAL, CHUMP!

I SAY GIMME DAT MARBLE, YUH LITTLE SQUIRT!

LOOKS LIKE THIS GAME NEEDS A REFEREE!

LET'S US TWO PLAY... BUT ROUGH!

YOOF!

HERE'S YOUR GAME OF TAG... AND YOU'RE IT!

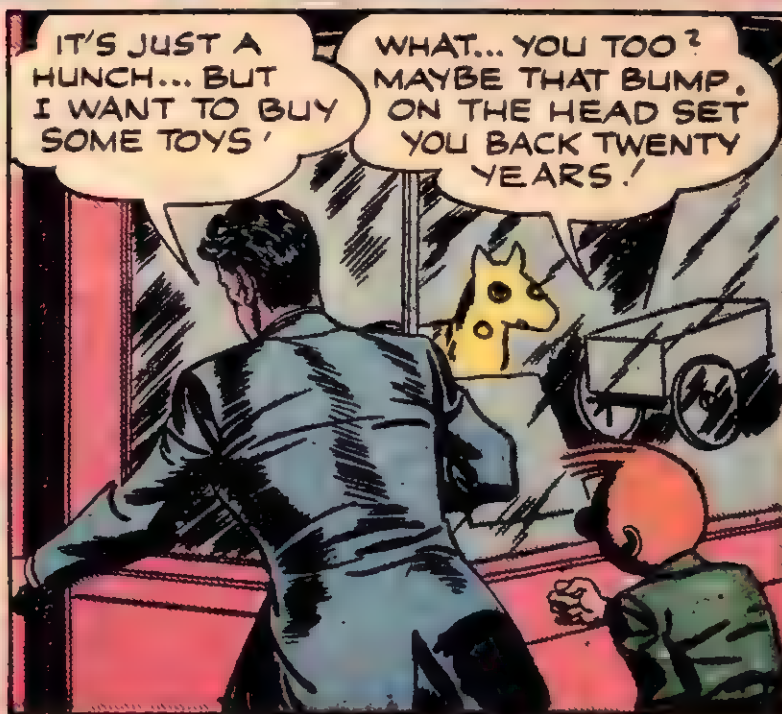
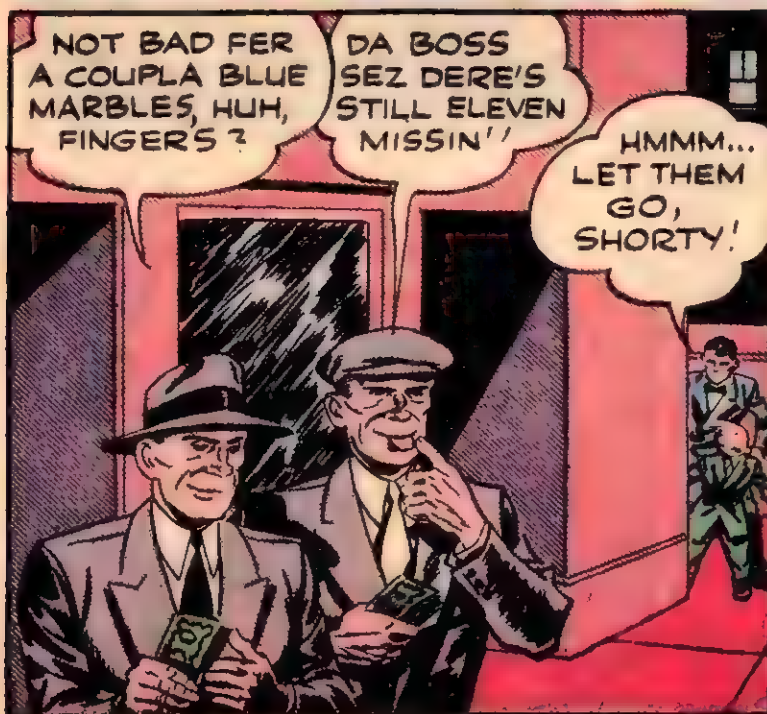
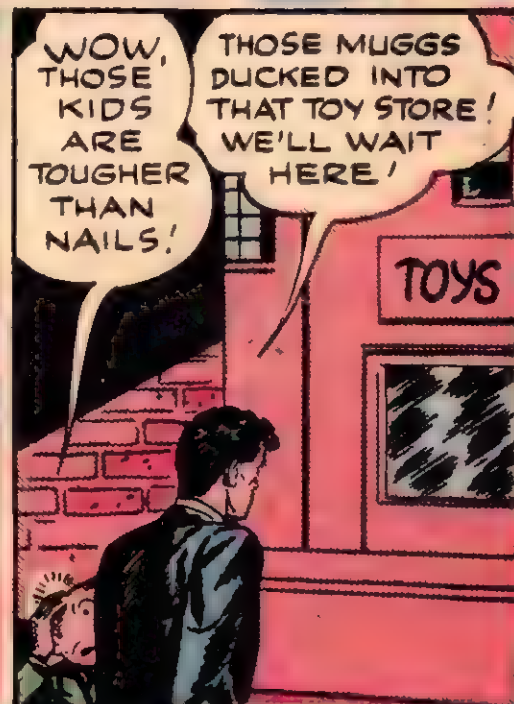
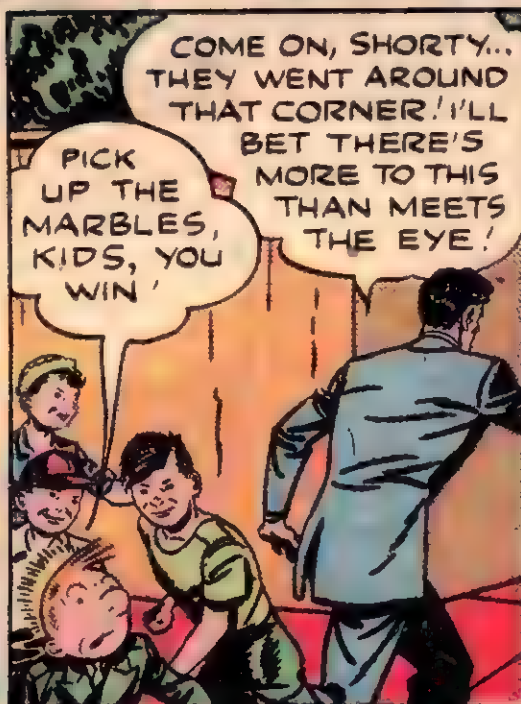
OOWW! WHO INVITED YOU?

LISTEN, SLAM... "POP! GO THE WEASELS!"

POPP!

LET'S BUTT THESE BUTTINSKYS!

THEY'RE JUST SORE 'CAUSE WE WON'T LET-TEM PLAY MARBLES WITH US!



YES, GENTLEMEN? JOINING THE BACK-TO-CHILDHOOD MOVEMENT?

SURE, AND WE WANT SOME MARBLES! BUT ONLY SOLID BLUE ONES!

A-HEM! TOO BAD, BUT WE'RE ALL OUT OF SOLID BLUES!

WHY, YOUR MAN'S GOT SOME RIGHT THERE! I'LL TAKE A DOZEN!

OH, THOSE? A SPECIAL LOT, SIR, ORDERED BY A SPECIAL CUSTOMER! SO SORRY!

COME ON, SHORTY! WE'VE GOT BETTER GAMES TO PLAY!

YOU FOOL! THAT'S HOW WE SOLD THAT LAST BATCH! TAKE THAT BOX OF BLUES DOWNSTAIRS AND OUT OF SIGHT!

I'M COLOR BLIND! I THOUGHT DEY WUZ GREEN, BOSS!

MINUTES LATER, WHILE BUSY MEN ROLL DROPS OF HOT GLASS...

LOOK...THEY MAKE THEM RIGHT HERE!

QUIET, PINT-PAL! WE'RE GOING INTO THE MARBLE BUSINESS!

BUT SUDDENLY, AS SLAM AND SHORTY MAKE THEIR ENTRANCE...

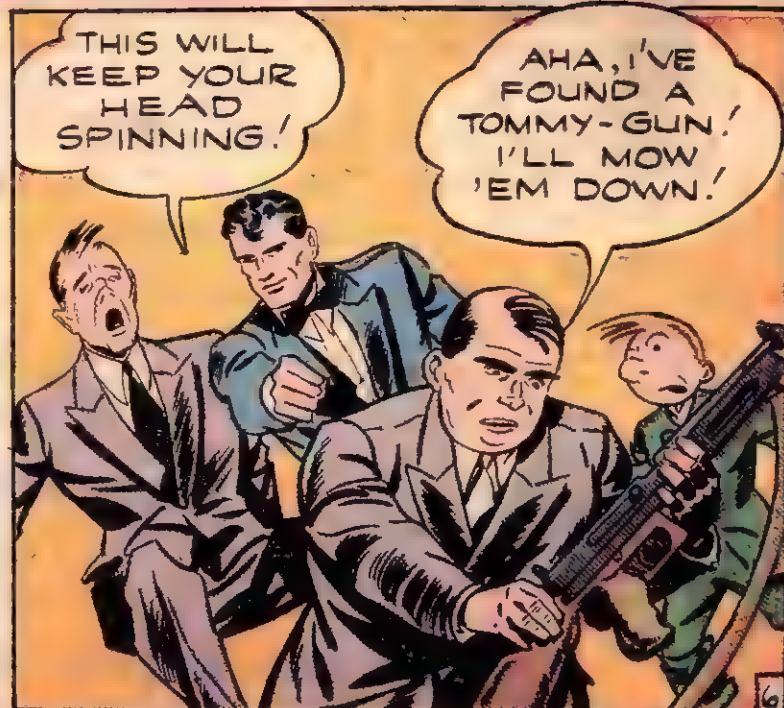
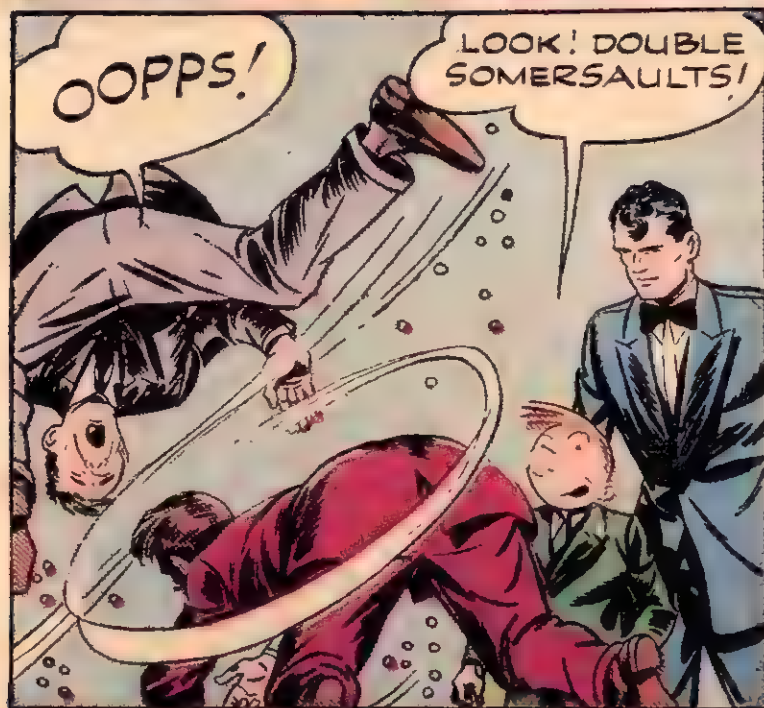
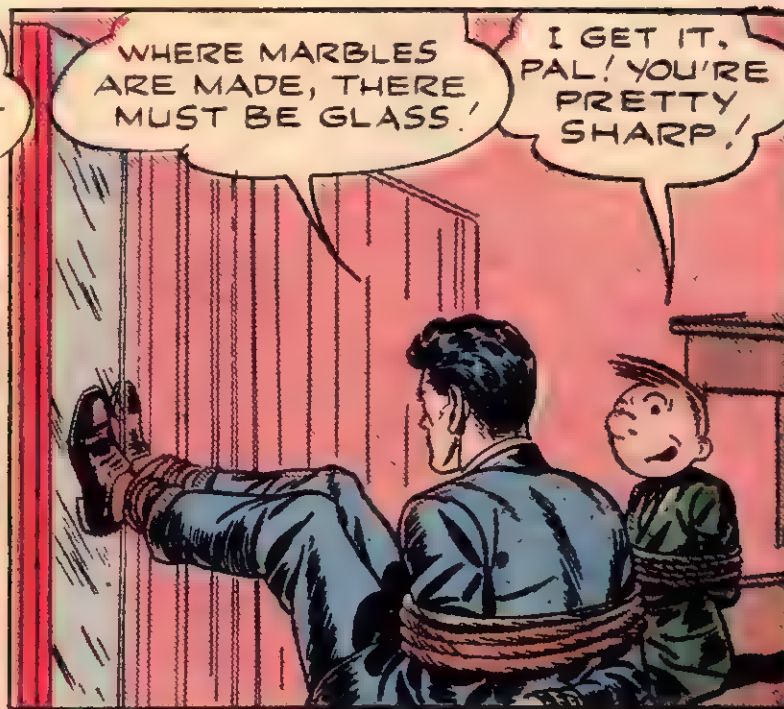
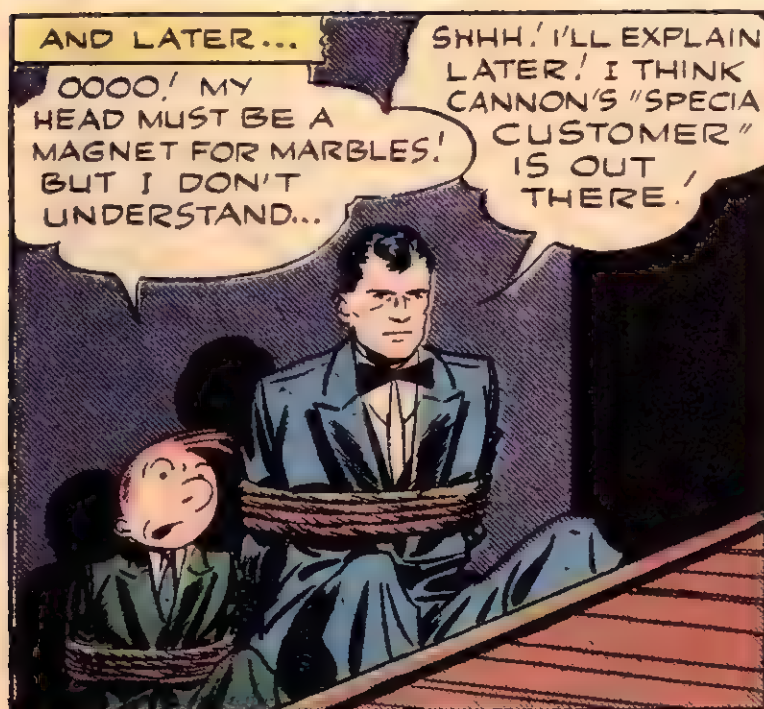
OW, THESE MARBLES... I'M SKIDDING!

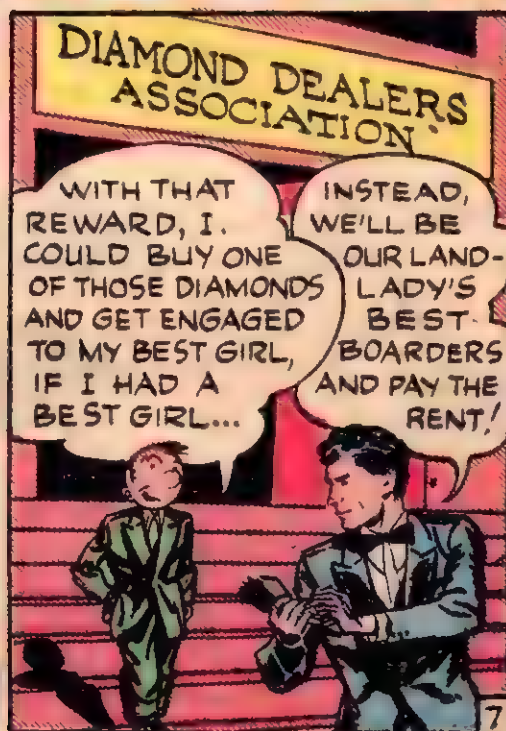
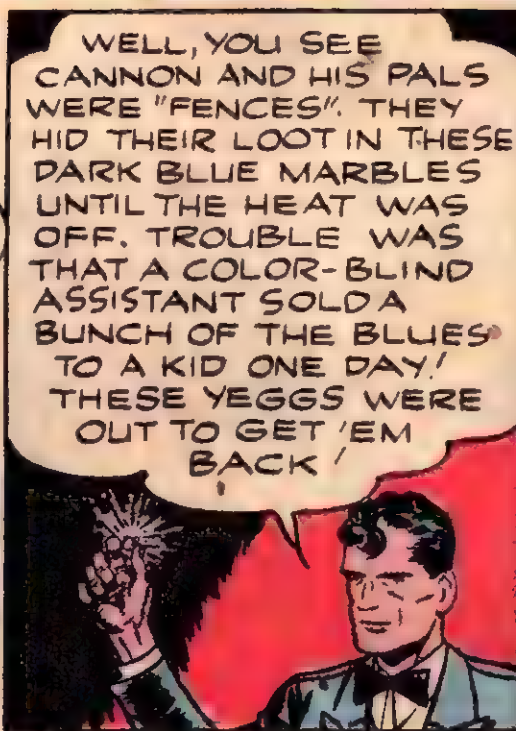
NAB THEM!

UNPLEASANT DREAMS, MARBLEHEADS!

GET ROPES! AND SHOVE THEM IN THE WORK-ROOM!







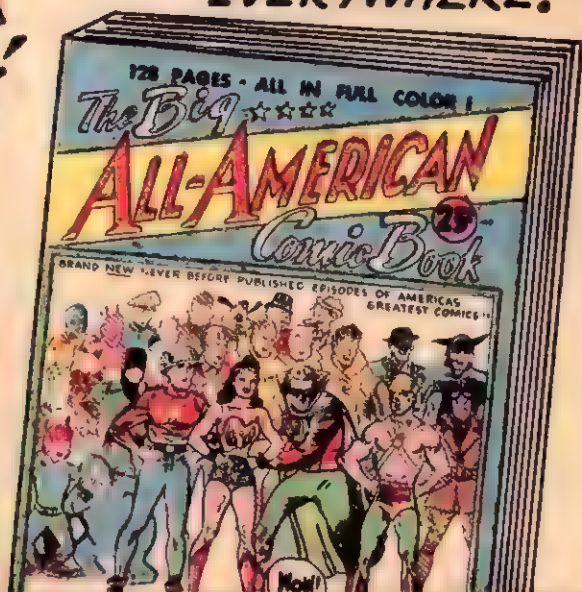
HERE'S A BIG
128-PAGE COMIC BOOK
THAT HAS EVERYTHING!

LOOK AT THESE FEATURES:

WONDER WOMAN • FLASH
HAWKMAN • GREEN LANTERN
MUTT AND JEFF • MR. TERRIFIC
SCRIBBLY • HOP HARRIGAN
JOHNNY THUNDER • THE ATOM
THE WHIP • GHOST PATROL
BULLDOG DRUMHEAD
WHO'S WHO IN ZOOVILLE
AND THE BLUE BOYS

ALL IN BRAND NEW STORIES!

ON SALE
EVERYWHERE!



HANDY ANDY

OUR FAVORITE GADGETEER

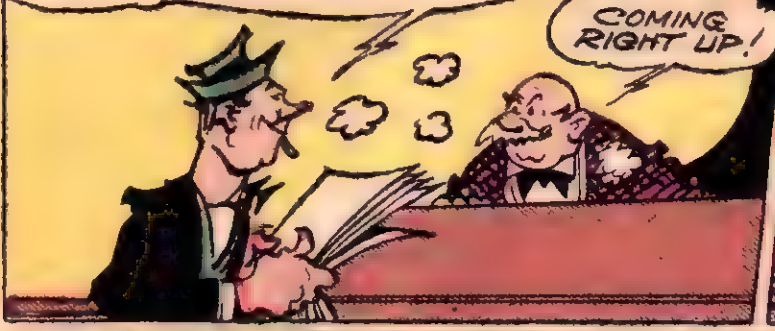
FOLKS HERE'S A LITTLE DIPSY-DOODLE KNICK-KNACK YOU CAN RIG UP IN YOUR PRIVATE OFFICE THAT WILL GUARANTEE TO GIVE YOU A FULL 'DAY OFF' ANY TIME YOU WANNA LOAF A LITTLE!



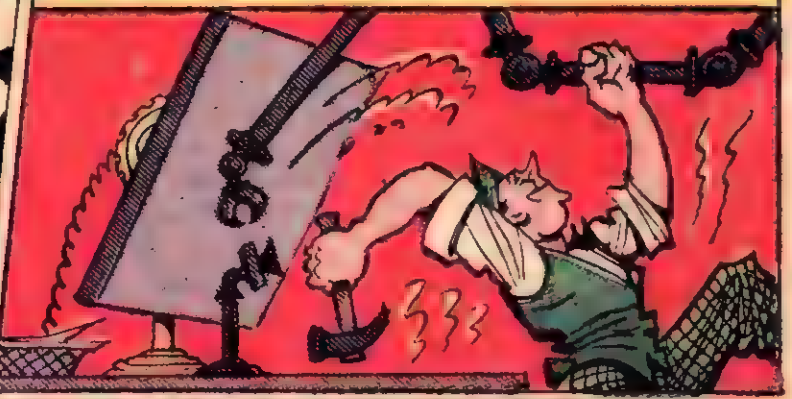
FIRST--RUSH TO YOUR NEAREST HARDWARE DEALER AND CASUALLY PURCHASE ---

GOOD MORNING, CHUM, - WRAP ME UP ONE 4-BY-4 FOOT SOUNDING BOARD, -ONE LOUD SPEAKER, -TWO ELBOWED STEEL BRACKETS, -SIX SERVICE-WEIGHT JEEJEE CLAMPS, ONE PHONOGRAPH-RECORDING MACHINE, AND A DOZEN BLANK RECORDS!

COMING RIGHT UP!



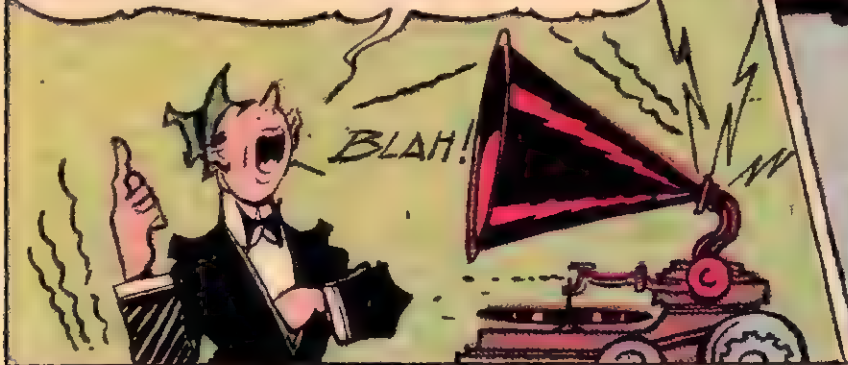
NOW INSTALL SOUNDING BOARD DIRECTLY OVER YOUR OFFICE DESK PHONE AS SHOWN BELOW, -NEXT HOOK UP ELBOWED BRACKETS, WIRING SAME AND PLUG INTO WALL SOCKET, - ATTACH JEEJEE CLAMPS TO RECIEVER AND CONNECT SAME WITH PHONOGRAPH HIDDEN IN BOTTOM DESK DRAWER ---



NEXT MAKE A SET OF RECORDS OF YOUR OWN VOICE, - IN YOUR LOUDEST BUSINESS-LIKE, MOST DIPLOMATIC TONE -

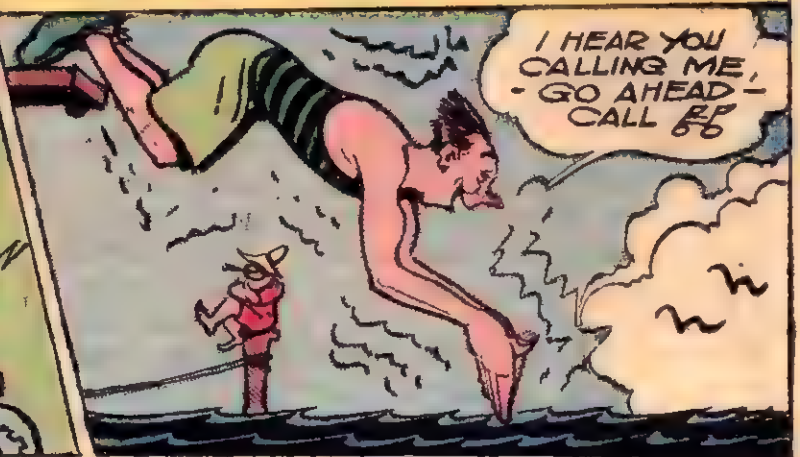
HELLO, - HARUMPH! - THIS IS J.J.O. SPEAKING, - ??? - OH YES, OH YES, - YES, YES, YES!

BLAH!



NOW YOU'RE ALL SET, - ANY TIME YOU WANT TO TAKE A DAY OFF MERELY PUT A RECORD ON YOUR DESK PHONOGRAPH, - HOOK UP THE WORKS, - AND, - 'GO STEPPIN'! -

I HEAR YOU CALLING ME, - GO AHEAD - CALL ME

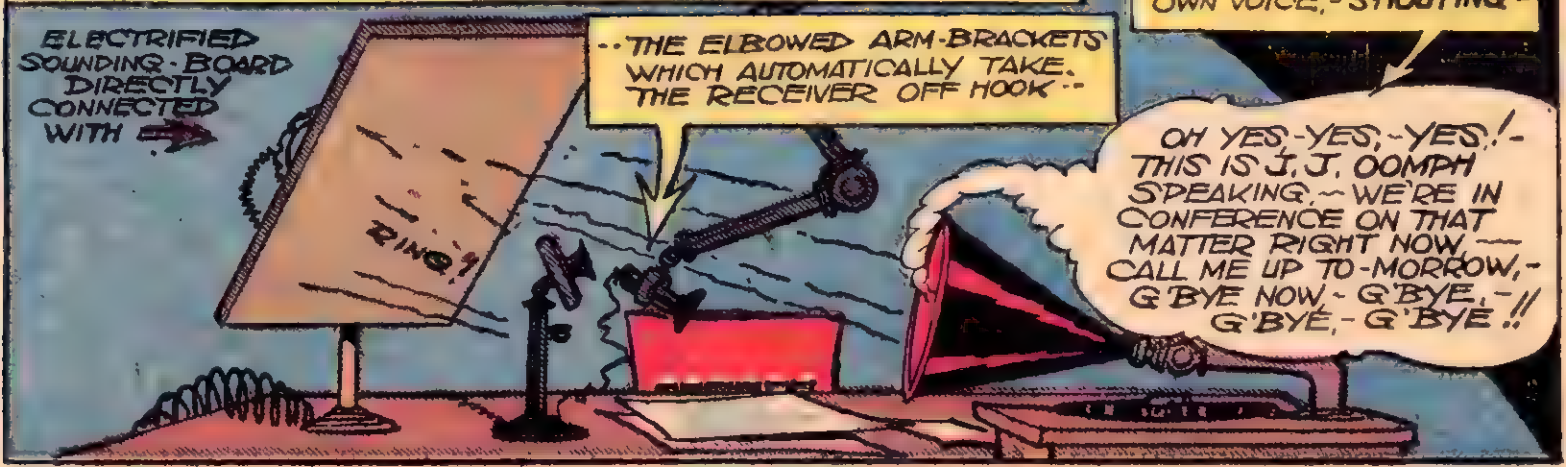


RESULT -- THE VIBRATIONS FROM THE RINGING OF YOUR TELEPHONE BELL ON THE SOUNDING BOARD WILL INSTANTLY CREATE AN ELECTRIC CONTACT THAT WILL IMMEDIATELY SET THE ENTIRE MECHANISM IN MOTION, - AS SHOWN BELOW --

WHICH IN TURN STARTS THE PHONOGRAPH-RECORDING OF YOUR OWN VOICE, - SHOUTING -

ELECTRIFIED SOUNDING BOARD DIRECTLY CONNECTED WITH

--THE ELBOWED ARM-BRACKETS WHICH AUTOMATICALLY TAKE THE RECEIVER OFF HOOK--



PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1

by Jesse Merlan

AS he walked warily down the crowded street, he patted the shoulder holster tucked neatly under his jacket. The lump didn't show through, but there was a compact little .38 nestled there, ready for any shooting that would be necessary. Furtively, he peered from under his pulled-down hat brim. People walked by, unsuspecting. Good. Nobody had recognized him so far. He breathed a little easier, but his alertness didn't relax. He was Public Enemy No. 1, out on the loose at last.

In his mind, he ran through the long and bloody career that had made him what he was today. First had come that drug-store holdup back in the home town. Neatly done, even though it had been his first job. It had only gotten him \$18 in cash, but it had started him. He grinned evilly, remembering it. The quick dash into the druggist's office, the old chump with his back turned, the blackjack swung in a sharp blow on the head, the hurried emptying of the open till. Then the breathless escape down a deserted alley, pursued by imaginary fears and cops.

He'd gained confidence rapidly from then on. After that had come the trip to the big city. At the start, he'd been just an unknown with a ready gun. Now he was Public Enemy No. 1.

Cautiously, he stopped to read a front page laid out invitingly on the newsstand of the stationery store he was passing. There was his name in bold type. "Blaze" Moran. Ha! Ha! The California cops had given him that monicker 15 years ago, when he was still doing his own shooting.

But he ripped out an angry oath under his breath, pulled his

hat further down over his eyes, shadowed his face. That picture! They were still printing that old prison photo, the convict numbers bold and big on a metal strip hung across his chest. He hurried along.

The newsdealer tottered out to the sidewalk, his face blanched and open-mouthed with fear.

"Mary! Mary!" He called to his wife in a trembling voice. "That was Blaze Moran who just looked at the paper. Moran, the killer. I'm sure of it."

His wife was a little more practical. She picked up the paper, snapped it open to the full story on Public Enemy No. 1.

"Read that," she persuaded him in a kindly voice. "You're always getting queer ideas about criminals roaming the streets. Blaze Moran is safe on Alcatraz Island. Starting today, he's doing a life-time stretch on that big rock. And nobody escapes from that prison while they're delivering him. Come on inside, papa, you've been reading too many detective novels."

The man hurrying down the street was too far away to hear what the woman had said. He stepped along fast. "Better get out of this crowded street. Too many papers around. Don't want to have to use this equalizer again."

He patted the gun in the holster once more, pushed his hand inside his coat as though reaching for a wallet. Yes, it was still there, cold and deadly under his hot palm. And he could flip it out in a flash, shoot his way out of anything. He was Blaze Moran, see? And no cops were taking him again, not to that pigeon-coop with bars. He'd die first, he'd pump his last bullet into . . .

Suddenly a dark little figure

scuttled up alongside him, peered up under his hat, gasped in unbelieving astonishment.

"Boss! It's you! Yuh busted out!"

The little man's face was twisted to one side in an evil and triumphant leer, his close-set eyes shining. His voice was quick and harsh, but low and careful. "The boys knew you'd manage it somehow!"

For a second Moran didn't speak, didn't move, didn't take his hand off that gun. He sucked in his breath, his mind spinning. Of course! This was Slick Sam, the runner Blaze had once used in his policy-slip rackets. But Sam was wanted by the G-men, too! What was he doing here, on this street?

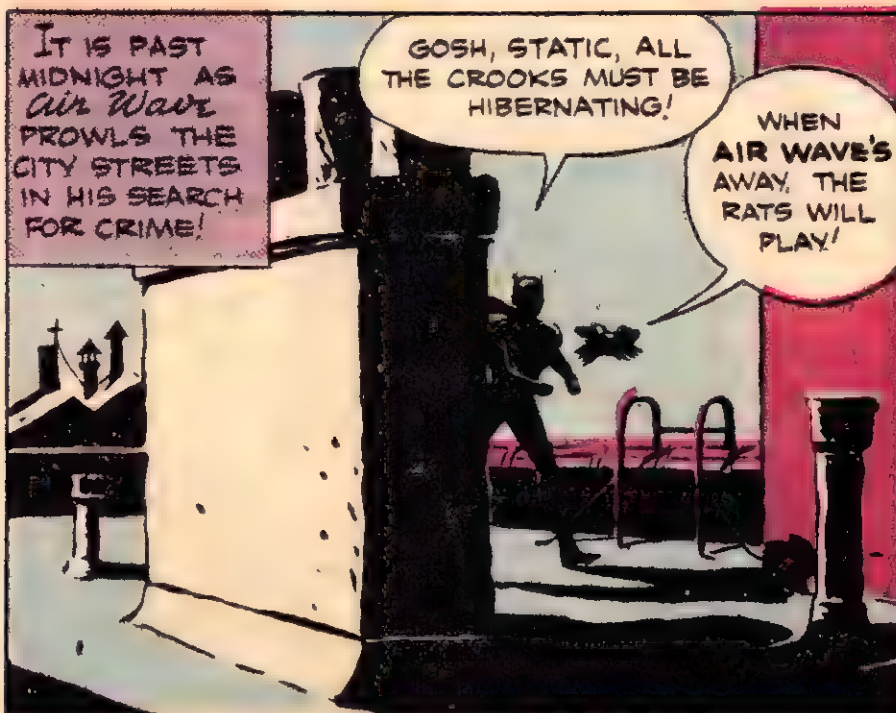
Sam tugged at his arm. "Boss, boss! Don't shoot! I won't give you away."

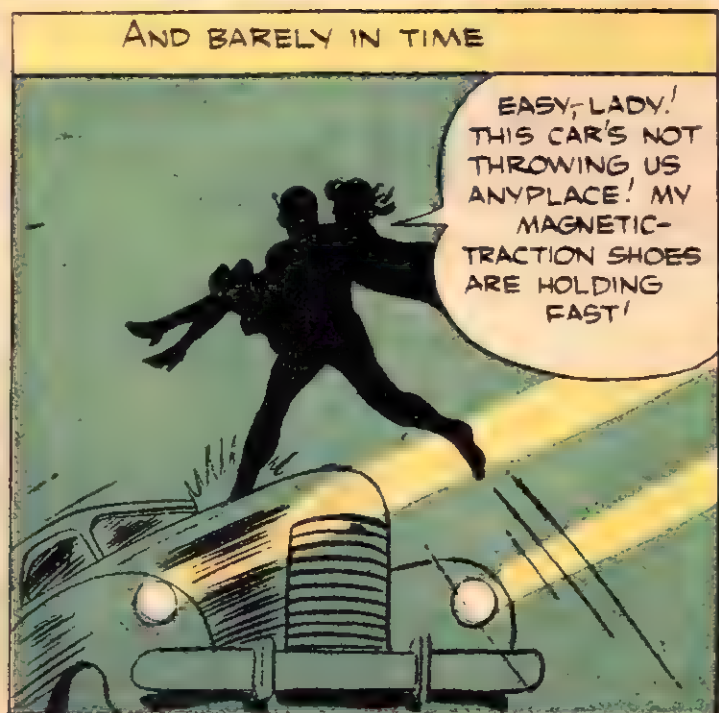
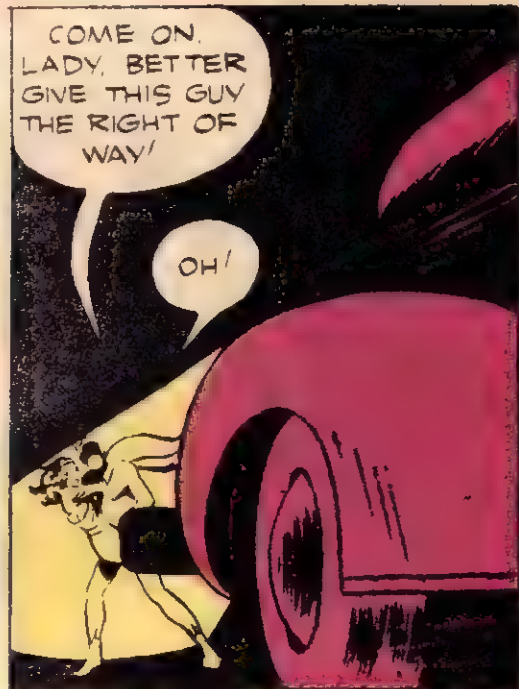
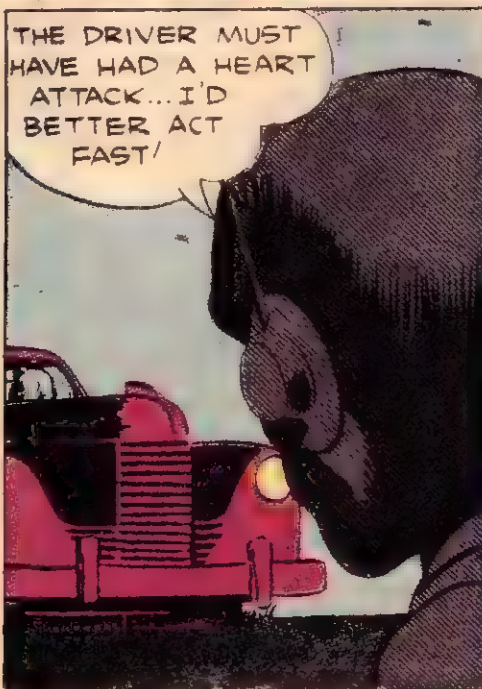
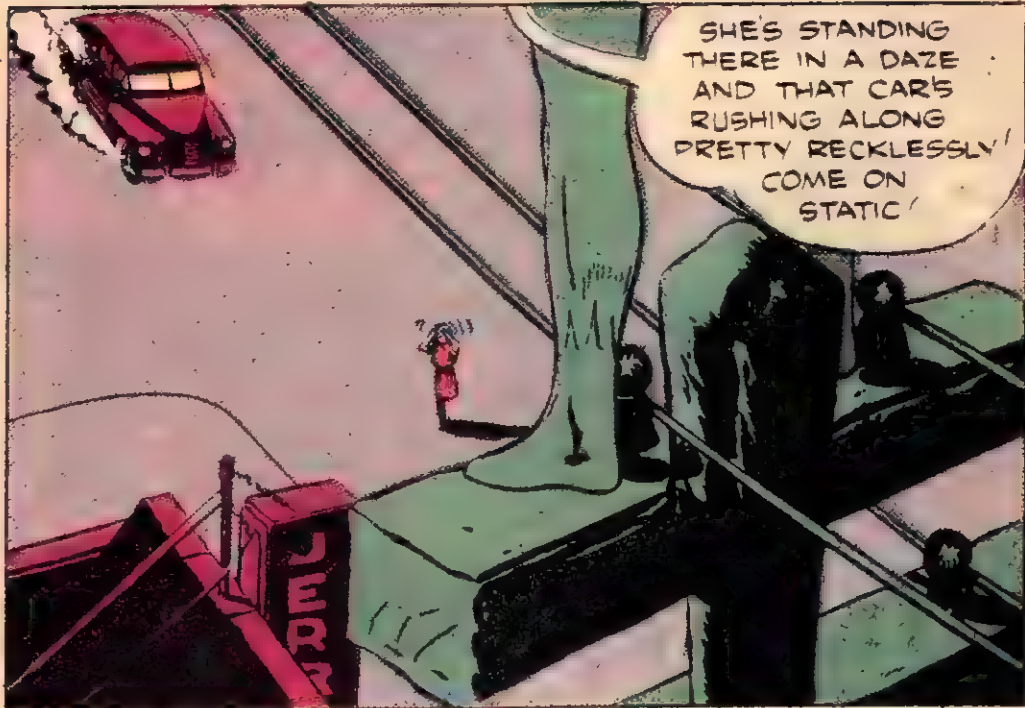
Slick was pleading by now. "I know that cold, faraway look in your eye. Means you're getting set to shoot. But don't, Blaze! I'm your pal, we're all your pals. And you're still our boss. Still Blaze Moran. We'll help you, see? Help you to . . ."

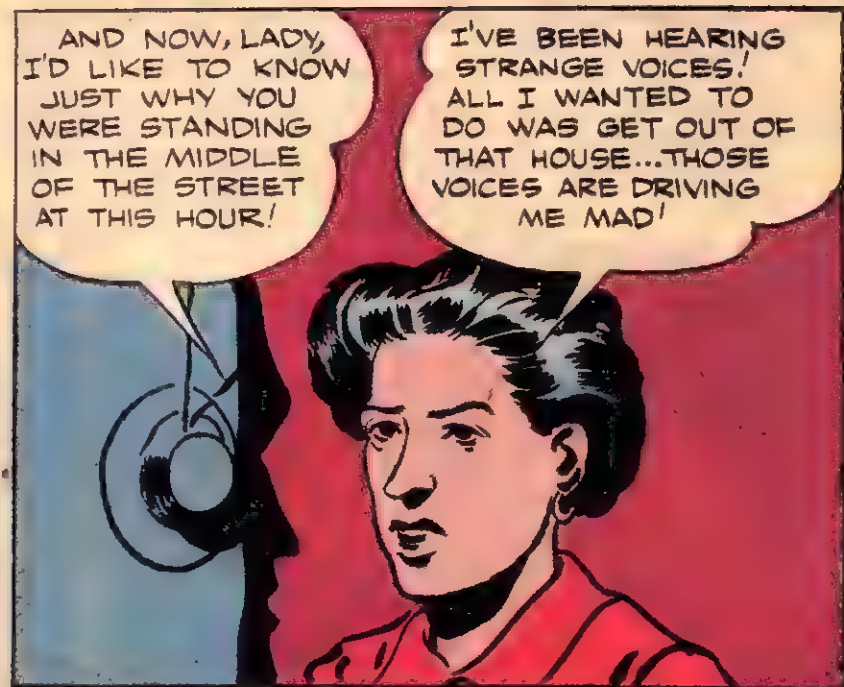
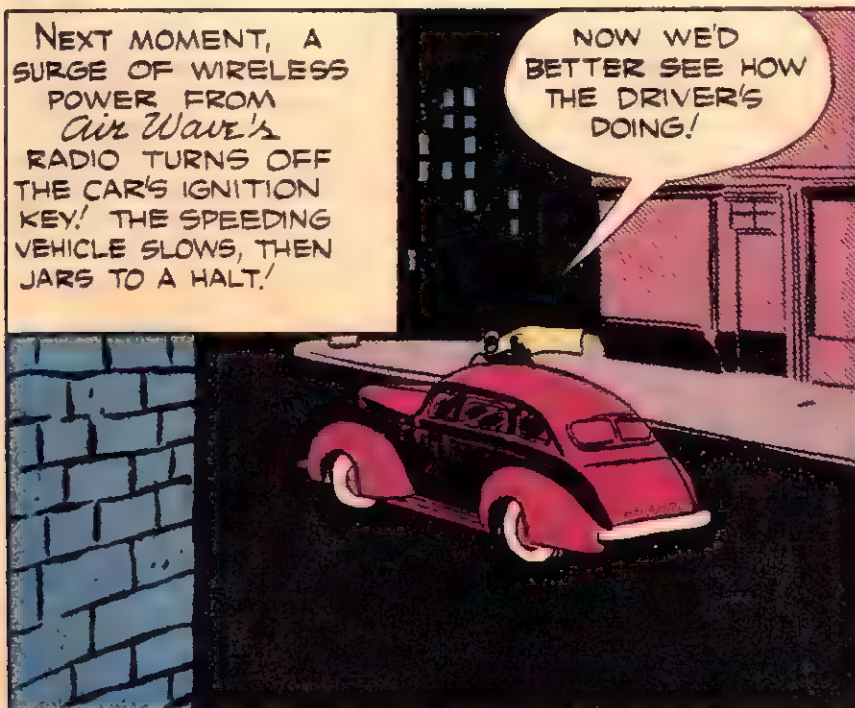
Blaze recovered himself, thought a second, kept his voice down to a raw whisper. "What do you mean, Sam? The others?" He steered and angrily pushed the smaller man into the shadows and safety of a doorway. "Talk fast, Sam!"

Sam was hypnotized by Blaze's hand, still tucked in toward that .38. But he talked, whining. "Gosh, boss. Here the five of us risk our necks gettin' here. Just on the chance you'd break loose. We're all here, Mike the Gunner and "Knife" Stasher and Joe and . . . See, we figured you'd make a last break before they coop-ed you up for life. We wuz at the station, waitin' for the

(Continued on inside back cover)









I DON'T SUPPOSE THERE'S ANYTHING TO BE DONE EXCEPT TO RETURN AND FACE MY FATE!

WELL, I DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS...THIS NEEDS A LITTLE INVESTIGATING!

I'LL JUST TUNE IN ON THE METAL EAR-RINGS OUR FRIEND IS WEARING AND SEE IF I CAN HEAR ANYTHING!

HE WHO PAYS FOR THE RADIO, CALLS THE TUNE-IN!

Presently...

I AM THE GHOST OF JASPER DILL, WHOM YOUR ANCESTOR KILLED! YOU WILL SEE ME SOON - AFTER YOU KILL YOURSELF AND BECOME A GHOST, TOO!

HUH - SOMEBODY'S TRYING TO GET HER TO KILL HERSELF...ADVICE LIKE THIS NEEDS AN ANTIDOTE!

BROADCASTING TO THE METAL EAR-RINGS, *Air Wave* REASSURES A DESPERATE WOMAN!

DON'T YOU PAY ANY ATTENTION TO JASPER...I'VE KNOWN HIM SINCE WE BOTH BECAME GHOSTS, AND HE'S AN AWFUL LIAR! TRUST IN *Air Wave*... HE'LL HELP YOU..

WHAT?

MAYBE THERE'S HOPE FOR ME, AFTER ALL! I'LL ASK *Air Wave* TO HELP ME!

AT THAT MOMENT ..

I'M CURIOUS TO KNOW THE SOURCE OF THOSE VOICES SHE'S HEARING, STATIC! WE'LL LOOK AROUND THE PLACE!


SOMETHING'S WRONG...SHE'S HEARING SOMEBODY ELSE'S VOICE!

WELL, WELL! THESE MUST BE THE "GHOSTS" SHE MENTIONED! SEEMS LIKE THEY'RE PRETTY MUCH UP-TO-DATE WITH THEIR BROADCASTING!

LOOK... AIR WAVE!


IN PERSON...AND I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND THINGS! SO THIS IS HOW POOR MARY WILLIS IS BEING FRIGHTENED OUT OF HER WITS!

YOU WALKED IN AT THE WRONG TIME. **AIR WAVE**-THERE IS A FORTUNE IN LOOT HIDDEN HERE, AND NOBODY IS GOING TO STOP US FROM GETTING IT!



I'M GOING TO MAKE SURE YOU NEVER TELL TALES! ONCE YOU'RE OUT OF THE WAY, NOBODY IN THE WORLD CAN KEEP US FROM GETTING JACK WILLIS'S TREASURE!

DON'T BET ON THAT, RAT!



SUDDENLY, POWER LEAPS FROM *Air Wave's* HIGH-ENERGY SET TO THE METAL WEAPON!

WHAT?

YOU SPOOK TOO SOON, YOU PHONEY GHOST!



DON'T MIND THE THUNDER! EVERY CLOUD HAS A SILVER LINING!

HERE'S ONE CLOUD THAT HASN'T!

OWW!



SO YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT ME, HUH?


WHAT DO YOU THINK, CHUM?



NICE WORK, RUTH! **AIR WAVE** MADE HIS BIG MISTAKE WHEN HE DIDN'T WATCH YOU!


HMM! I DIDN'T REALIZE THIS OLD HOUSE WAS FULL OF SLIDING DOORS! I'M TRAPPED!

SNAP!



BUT, THINKING QUICKLY, *Air Wave* CALLS LOUDLY TO HIS CAPTORS...

YOU'VE FORGOTTEN TO LOCK THESE SLIDING DOORS, AND I'LL BE AT YOU IN A SECOND!



I HARDLY THINK SO, AIR WAVE! I'VE ALREADY LOCKED THE DOOR AND PUT THE KEY IN MY POCKET, BUT JUST TO MAKE SURE...

Unexpectedly...

YEOW!

I WAS HOPING YOU'D DO THAT— THANKS FOR THE CHANCE TO SEND A CHARGE OF AIR WAVE'S POWER!

ONCE YOU HAD THE KEY IN THE LOCK, IT WAS A CINCH TO TURN IT WITH A STRONG PIECE OF WIRE! NOW TO FINISH YOU!

HE COUNTS HIS CHICKENS BEST WHO LAUGHS LAST!

BUT AS *Air Wave* CLOSSES IN....

NO YOU DON'T, CHUM!

LOOK WHO'S HERE, STATIC! THE DRIVER WHO HAD A HEART ATTACK! IT SEEMS HE WAS ONLY FAKING!

MAYBE THIS WILL GIVE HIM A REAL HEART ATTACK!

Later...

HERE ARE YOUR GHOST VOICES! FIRST, THEY TRIED TO SCARE YOU OUT OF THE HOUSE WHEN THAT DIDN'T WORK, THEY HIRED SOMEBODY TO RUN YOU DOWN... ACCIDENTALLY, ON PURPOSE!

BUT WHY? THIS HOUSE ISN'T SO VALUABLE?

YOUR ANCESTOR, JACK WILLIS, HID LOOT HERE, BUT YOUR PRESENCE HINDERED OUR SEARCH!

WELL, THE SEARCH IS OVER NOW. HERE IS THE TREASURE WHICH I LOCATED BY TUNING IN ON ALL METAL IN THE HOUSE!

THIS IS AMAZING.. THE GHOSTS MAY HAVE DISAPPEARED, BUT I'M BEGINNING TO BELIEVE IN AIR WAVE'S MAGIC! THANK YOU, AIR WAVE!

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you how to start drawing your
own comic strip characters.

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The BOY COMMANDOS

IN

**"THE GHOSTS OF
KELVIN'S
KEEP!"**

ORDER OF THE DAY

Commandos
should look for
trouble while on
duty, and avoid it
while on leave!
THE BOY COMMANDOS
take note!
Signed
Capt. Rip Carter

THE BREATHLESS
THRILL OF DANGER, THE
THREAT OF SUDDEN
DEATH--THESE ARE THE
DAILY FARE ON WHICH
THE BOY COMMANDOS
THRIVE! BUT WHEN THEY
ARE CONFRONTED BY
CREATURES NOT MADE
OF FLESH AND BLOOD--
--WEIRD APPARITIONS
THAT STALK THE SOMBER
RUINS OF A MEDIEVAL
CASTLE--WELL, THAT'S
QUITE A DIFFERENT
MATTER!

FRANKLY, WE DON'T
ADVISE ANY BACKWARD
GLANCES WHILE YOU
READ THIS STORY!

by

**JOE
SIMON
and
JACK
KIRBY**



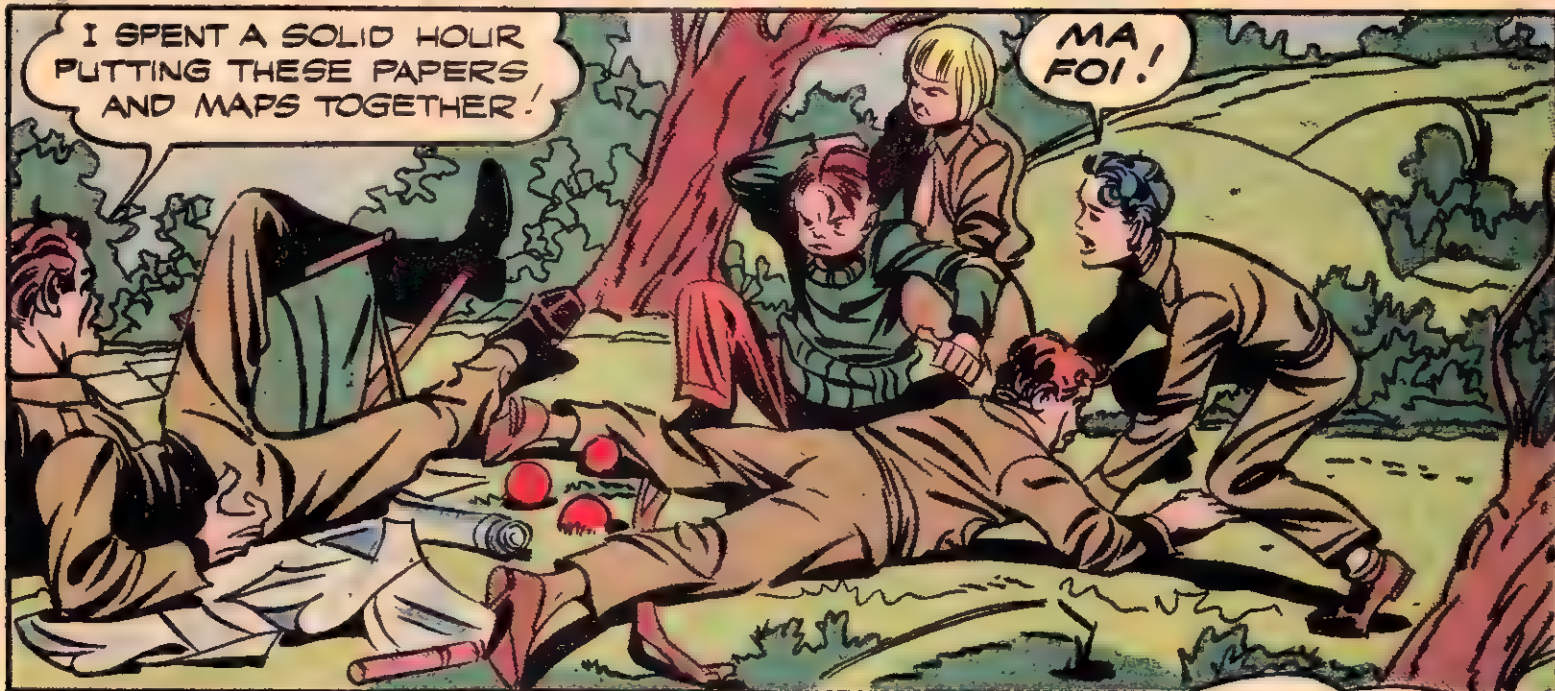
EVEN
COMMANDOS
RELAX
OCCASIONALLY
-AND WHAT
BETTER
PLACE FOR
RIP CARTER
AND HIS
YOUTHFUL
AIDES
TO SPEND
A
FURLOUGH
THAN
THIS
PEACEFUL
CORNER
OF
ENGLAND!



AT LEAST, IT WAS PEACEFUL!

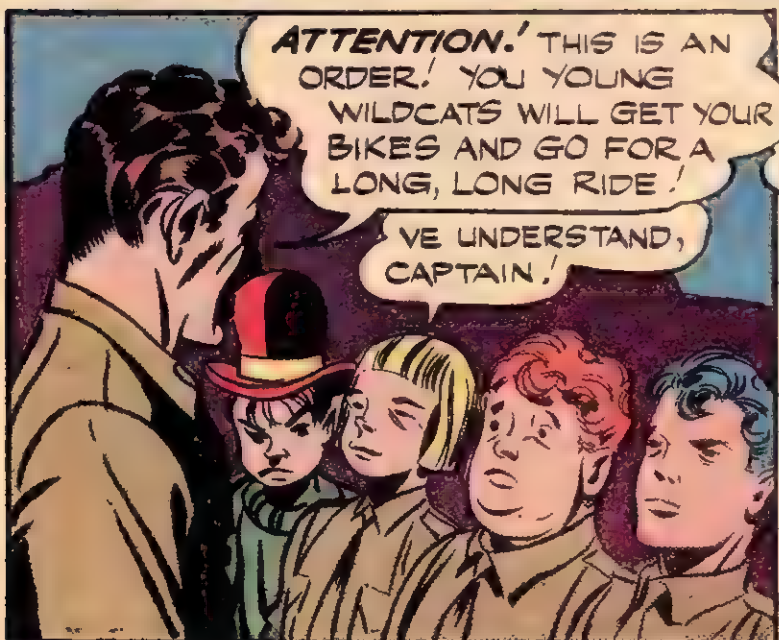


I SPENT A SOLID HOUR
PUTTING THESE PAPERS
AND MAPS TOGETHER!



ATENTION! THIS IS AN
ORDER! YOU YOUNG
WILDCATS WILL GET YOUR
BIKES AND GO FOR A
LONG, LONG RIDE!

WE UNDERSTAND,
CAPTAIN!

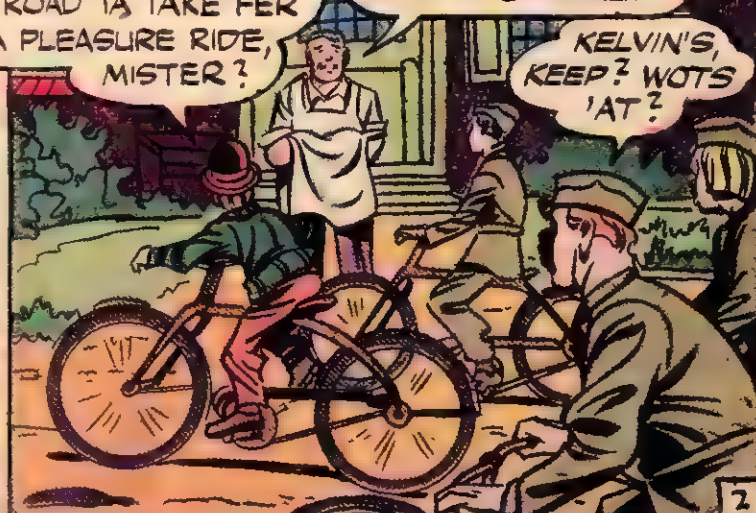


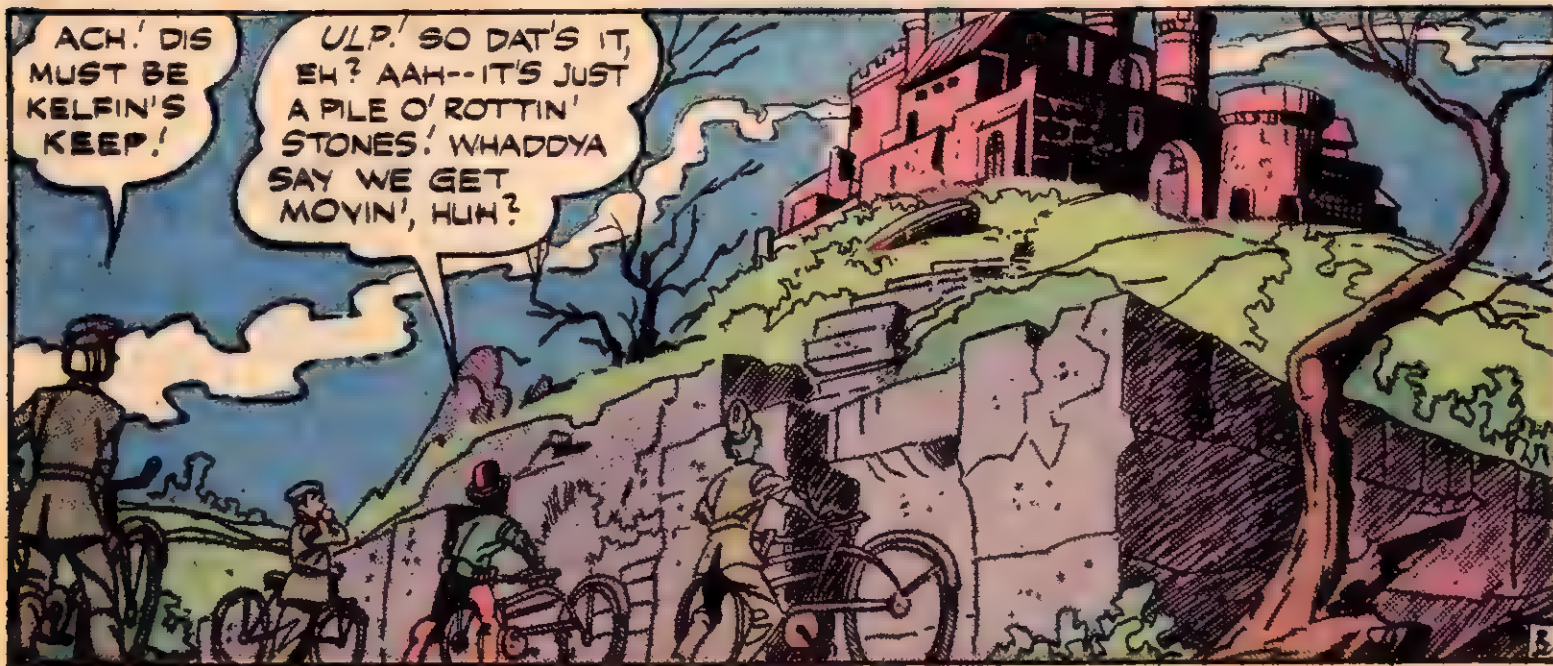
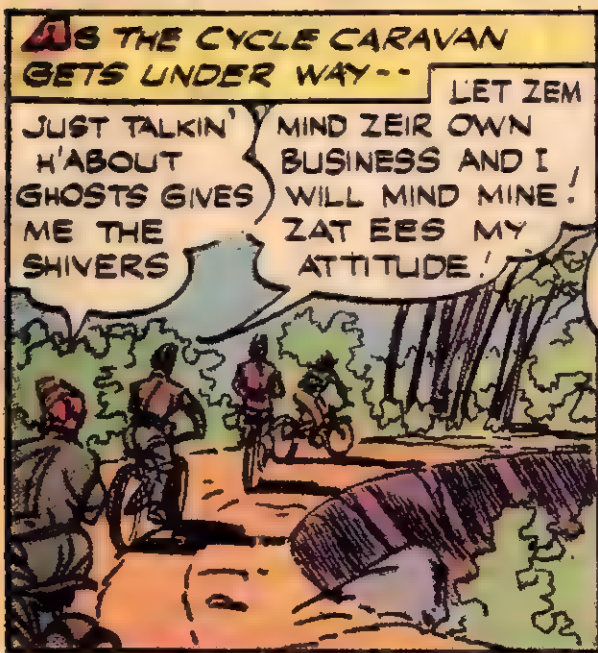
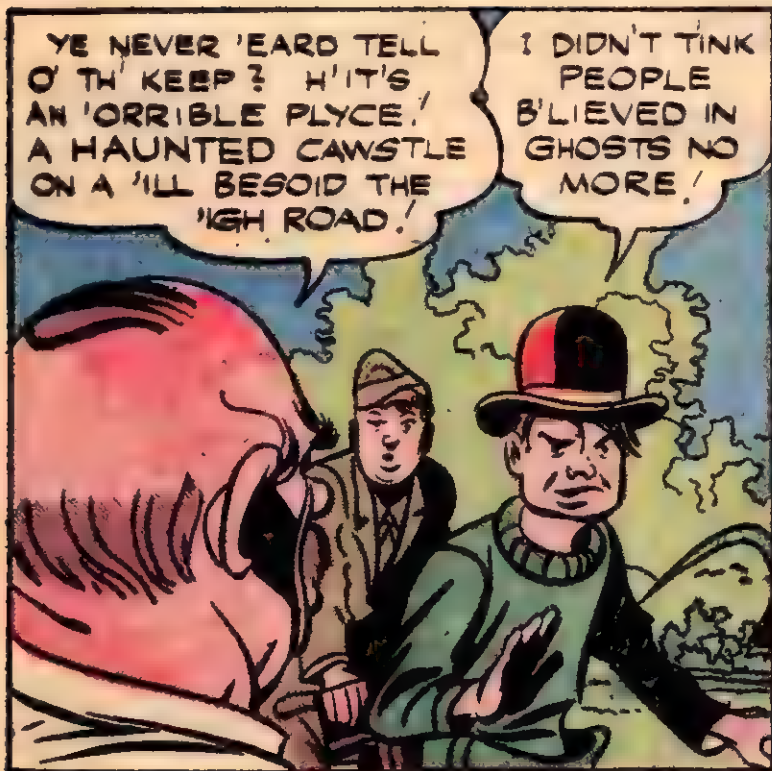
SOMETIME LATER!

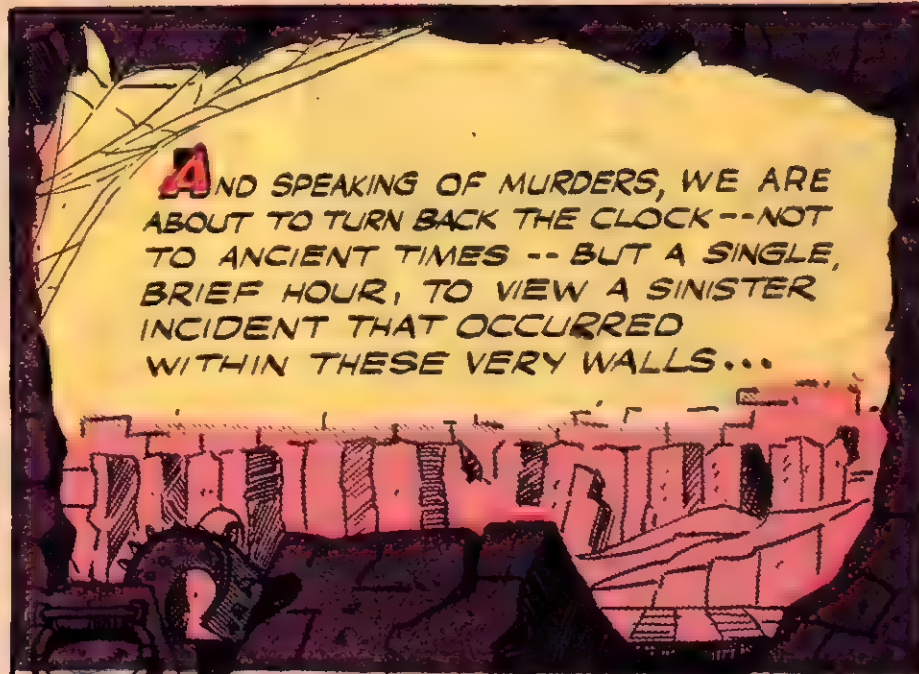
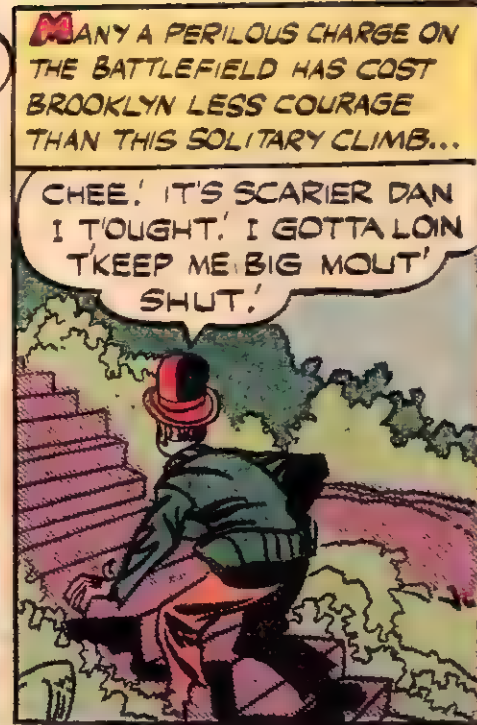
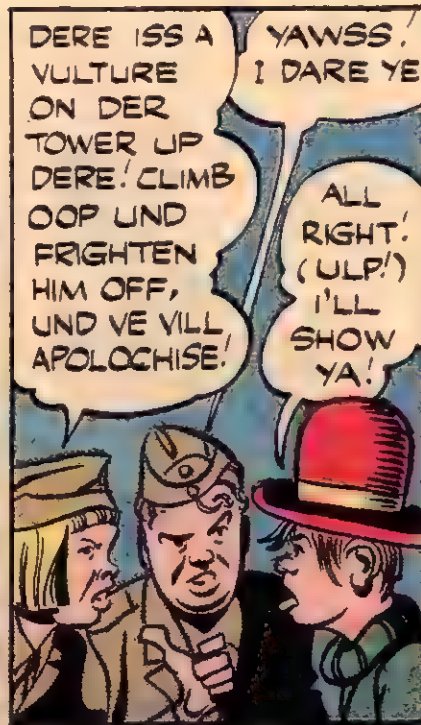
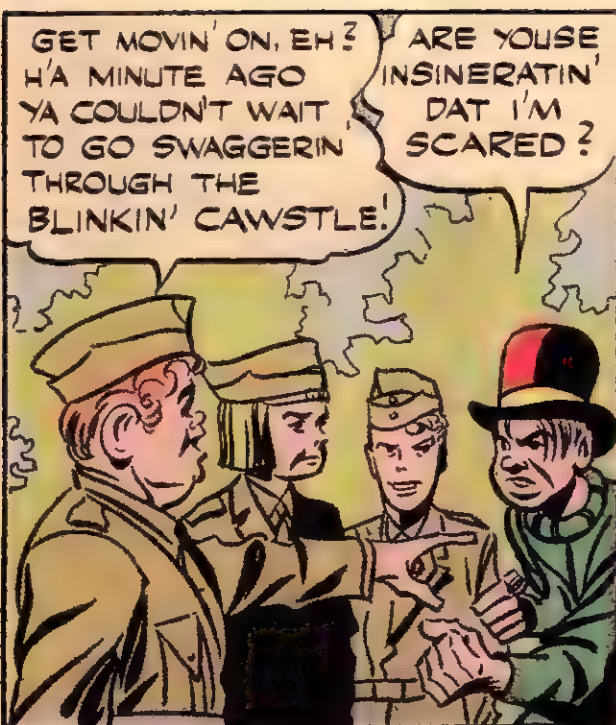
WHICH IS DE BEST
ROAD TA TAKE FER
A PLEASURE RIDE,
MISTER?

H'IT'S NICE H'ALL
H'ABOUT 'ERE!--S'LONG
AS YE STYE CLEAR O'
KELVIN'S KEEP!

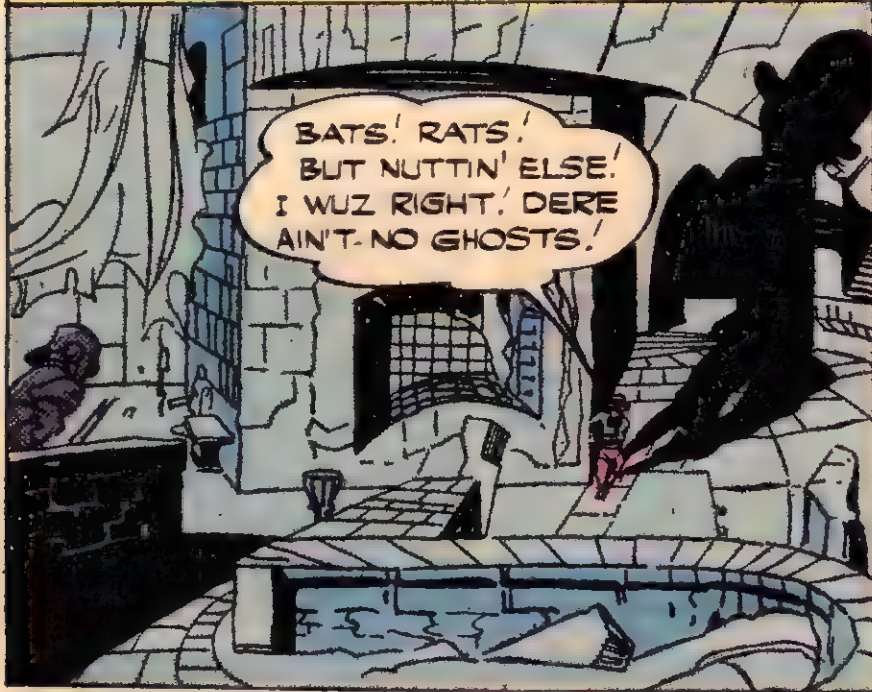
KELVIN'S,
KEEP? WOTS
'AT?



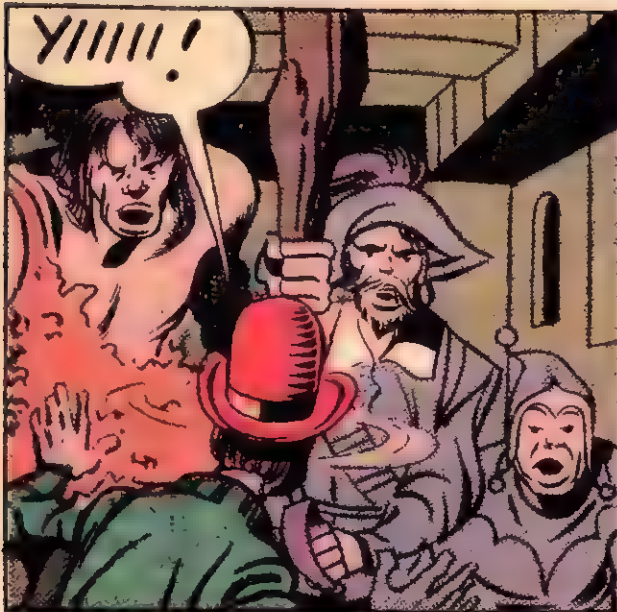




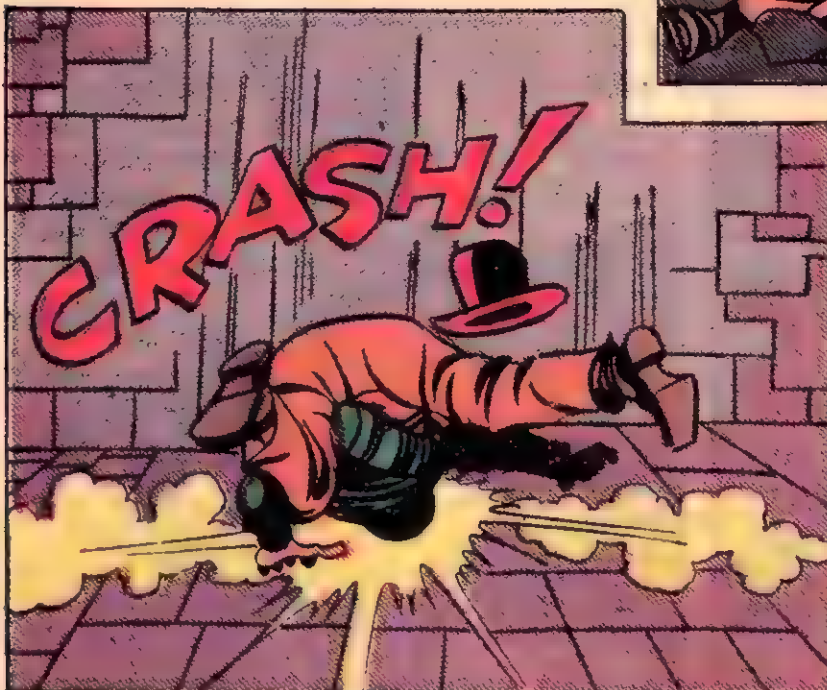
A SCANT HOUR AGO, THESE MASSIVE WALLS ECHOED THAT DESPAIRING SCREAM! -- NOW --



OOPS! SOMEBODY FIX DAT HOLE! A GUY COULD GET HOIT BAD!



YES, INDEED! A GUY COULD GET BADLY HURT!



MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE --

THAT SCREAM! H'IT WAS BROOKLYN'S VOICE!

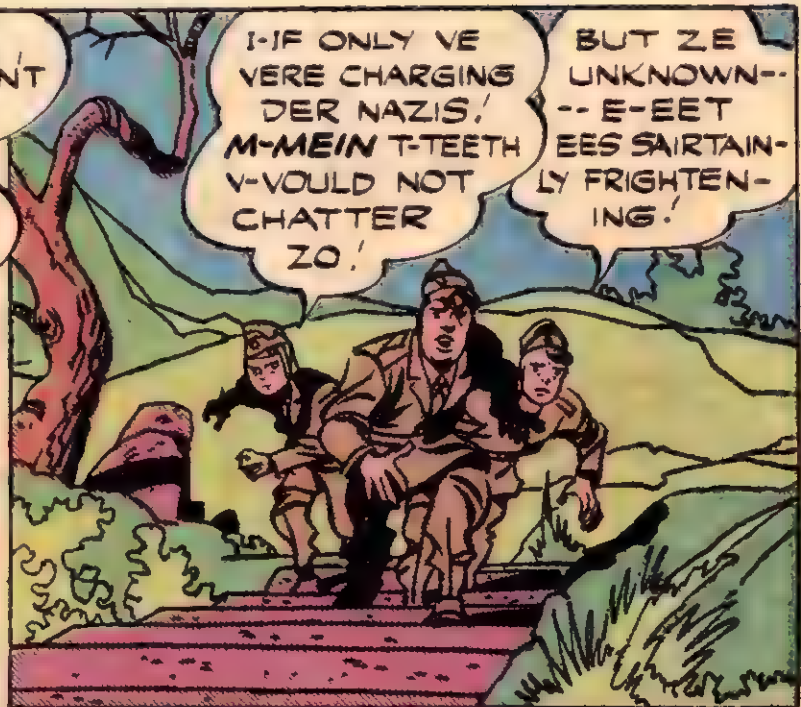




EET WAS A SHRIEK OF MORTAL TERROR!

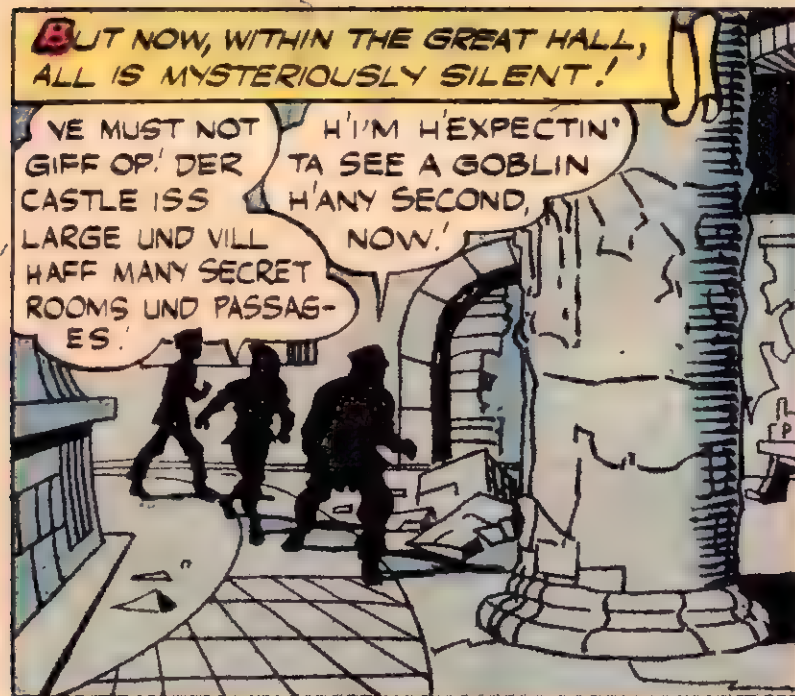
HEAFFEN KNOWS VOT HAPPENED!

C-COME ON, W-WE C-CAWNT L-LEAVE 'IM H'IN THE L-LURCH! D-DON'T B-BE S-S-SCAIRT!



I-IF ONLY VE VERE CHARGING DER NAZIS! M-MEIN T-TEETH V-VOULD NOT CHATTER ZO!

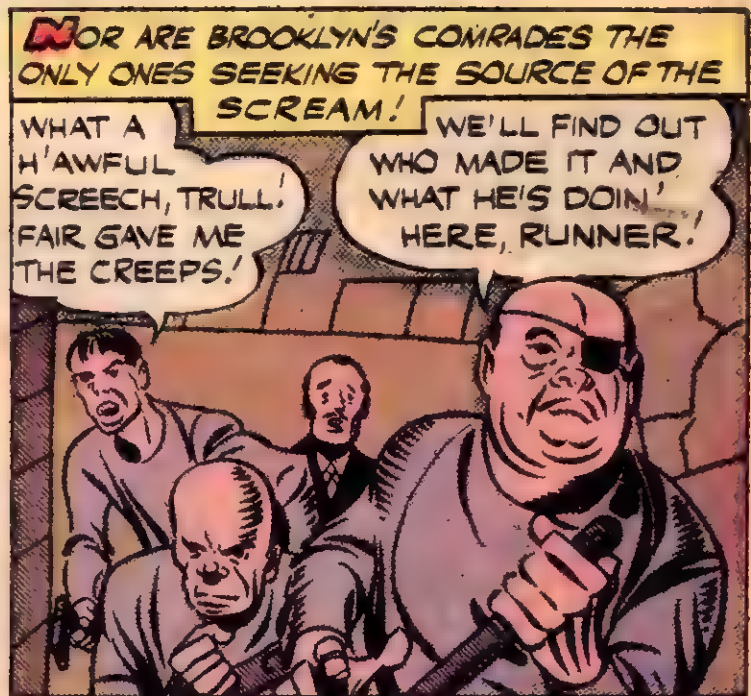
BUT ZE UNKNOWN-- E-EET EES SAIRTAINLY FRIGHTENING!



BUT NOW, WITHIN THE GREAT HALL, ALL IS MYSTERIOUSLY SILENT!

VE MUST NOT GIFF OP! DER CASTLE ISS LARGE UND VILL HAFF MANY SECRET ROOMS UND PASSAGES!

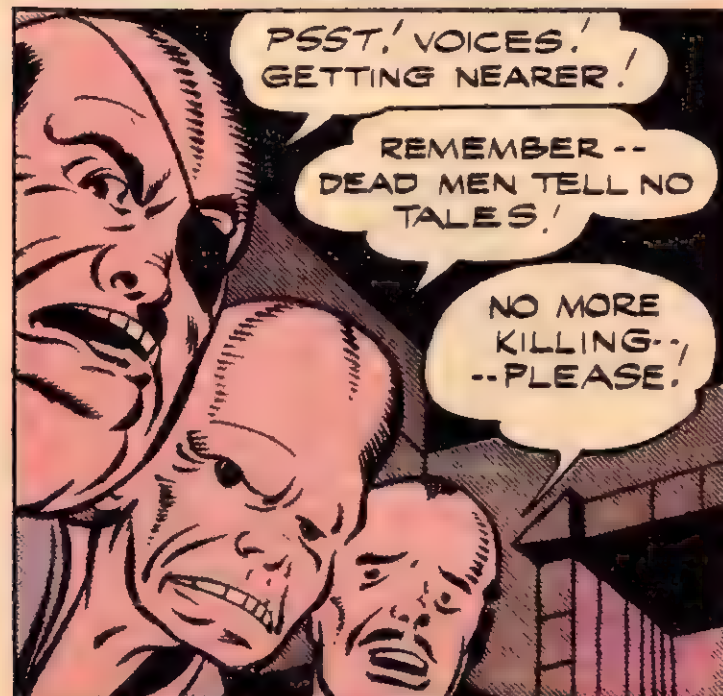
H'IM H'EXPECTIN' TA SEE A GOBLIN H'ANY SECOND, NOW!



NOR ARE BROOKLYN'S COMRADES THE ONLY ONES SEEKING THE SOURCE OF THE SCREAM!

WHAT A H'AWFUL SCREECH, TRULL! FAIR GAVE ME THE CREEPS!

WE'LL FIND OUT WHO MADE IT AND WHAT HE'S DOIN' HERE, RUNNER!



PSST! VOICES! GETTING NEARER!

REMEMBER -- DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES!

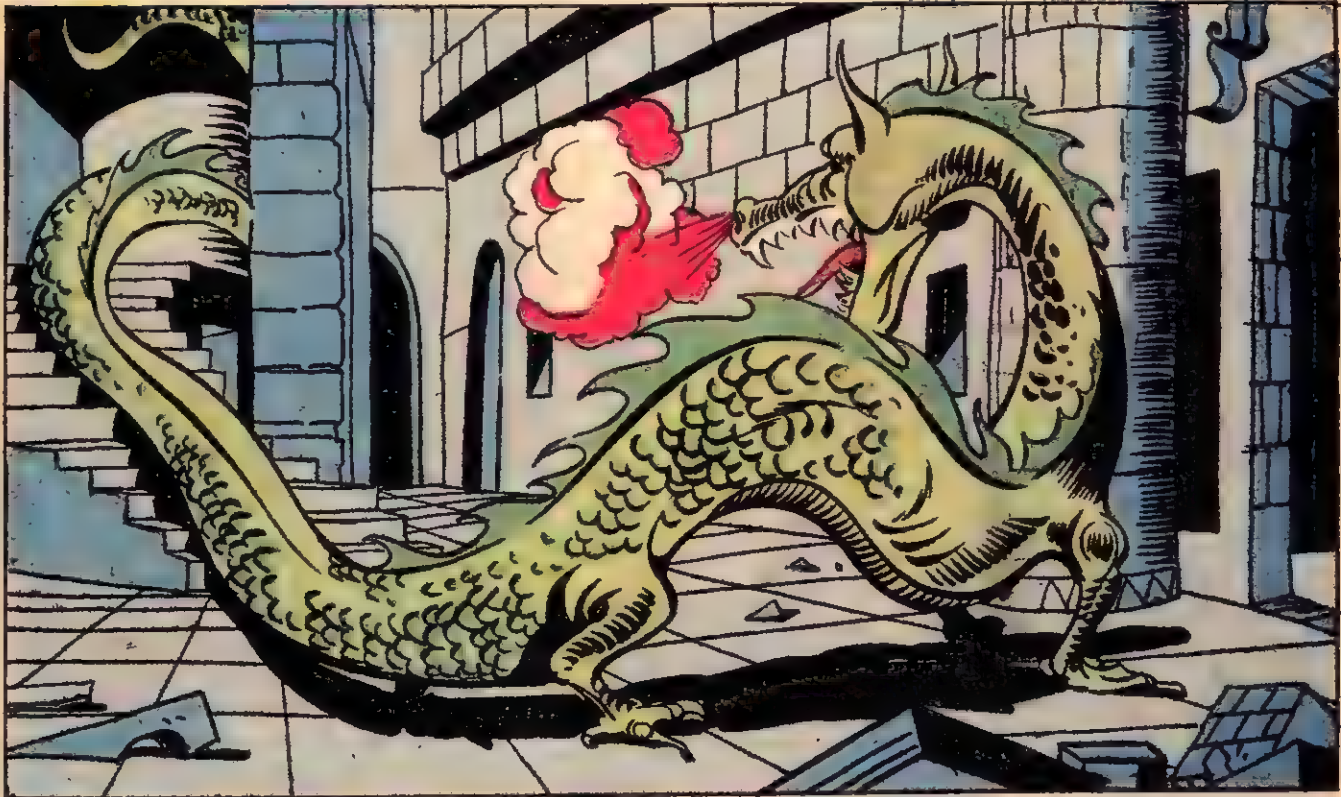
NO MORE KILLING-- PLEASE!



COMMANDOS! THIS IS DREADFUL! 'ANDS UP!

BLIMEY!

DEPARTING FROM THE GREAT HALL, THE BOY COMMAND-OS HAVE MISSED THIS HUGE FLAME-BREATHING FELLOW!



STROIK ME PINK!
H'IT'S A DRAGON!



OI KEEP PUMPIN'
BULLETS AT IT, BUT
IT WON'T
DIE!

YOU FOOL!
WHAT GOOD ARE
BULLETS AGAINST
A THING LIKE THAT!
LET'S GET OUT
OF HERE!

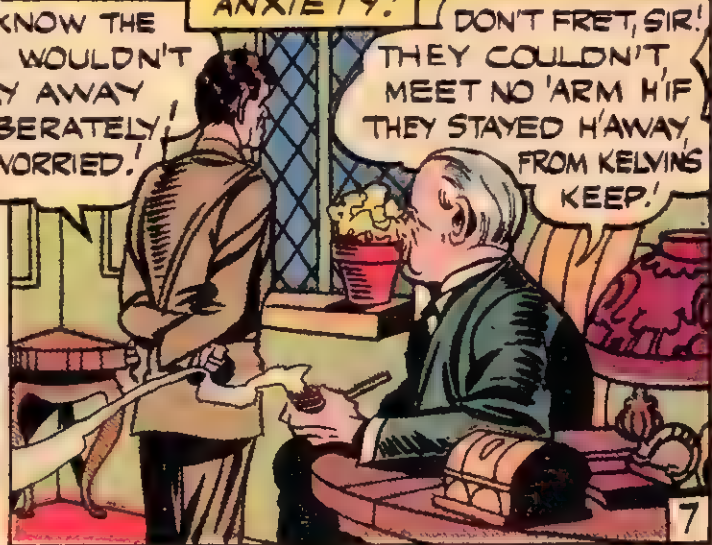


KEEP MOVIN' YA
BRATS, OR H'I'LL
BLAWST'CHA!

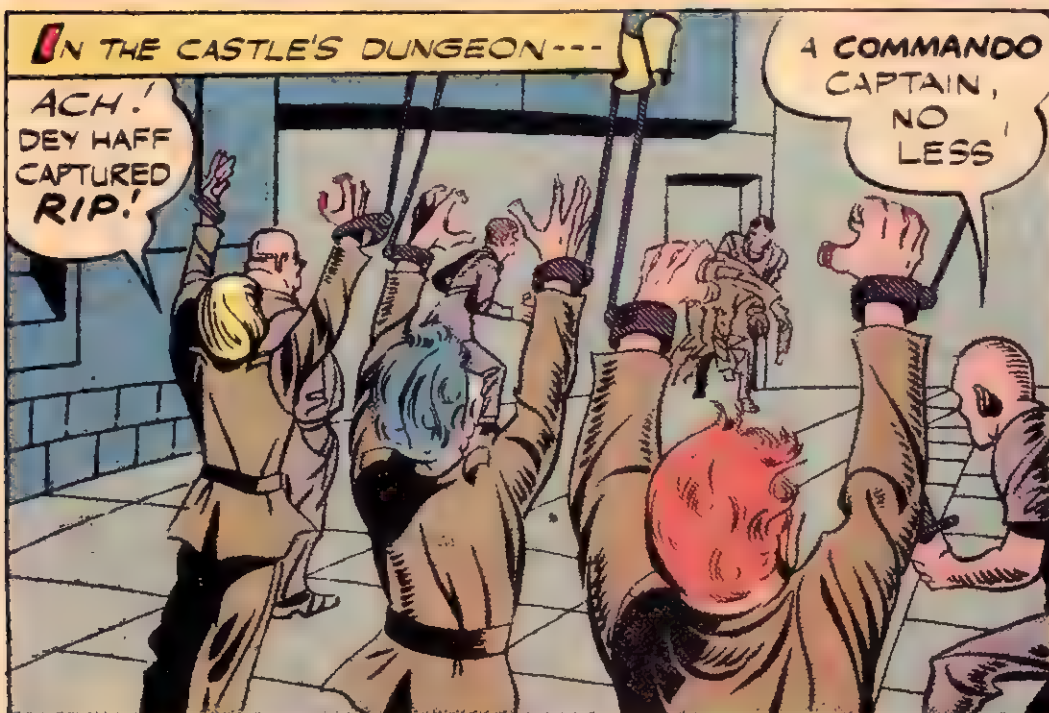
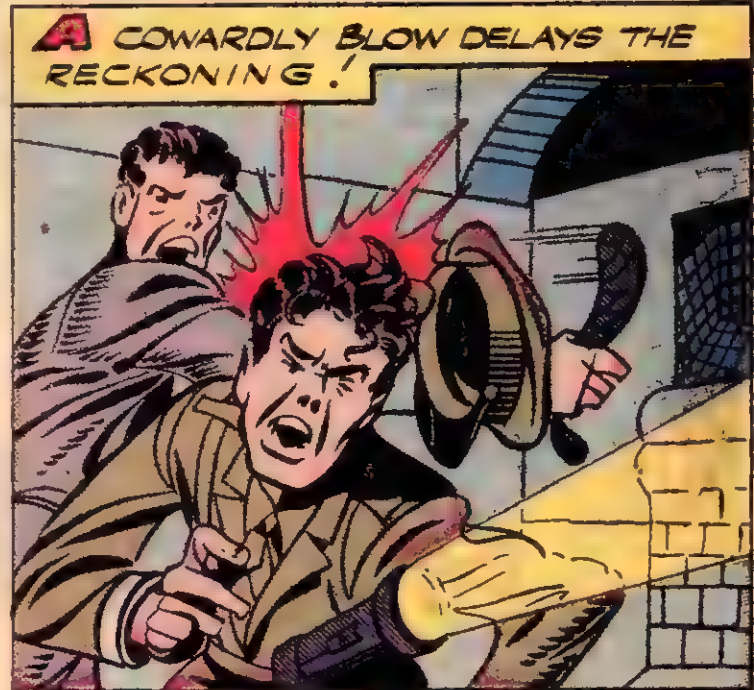
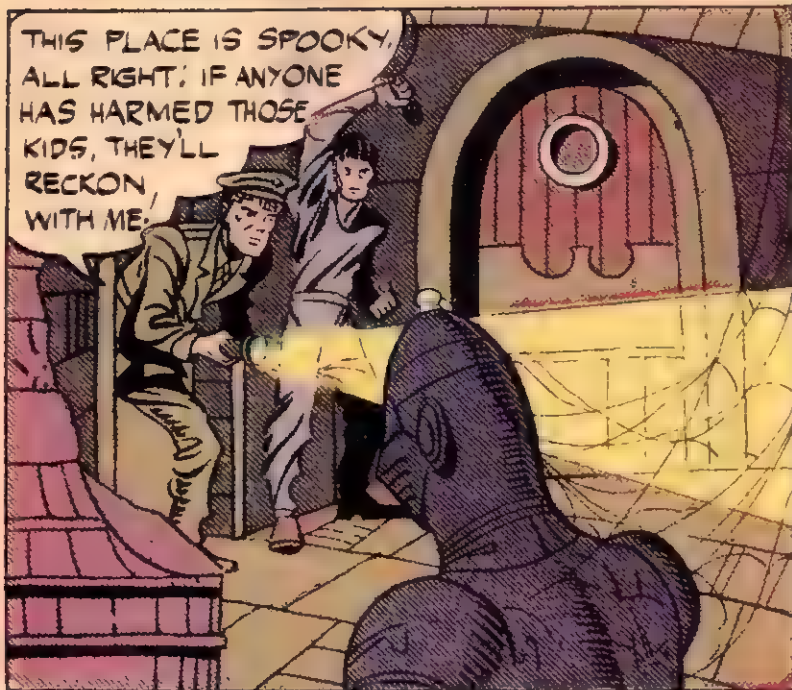
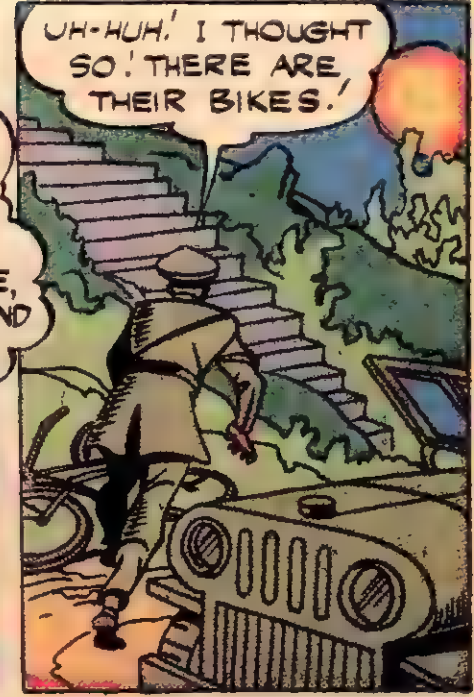
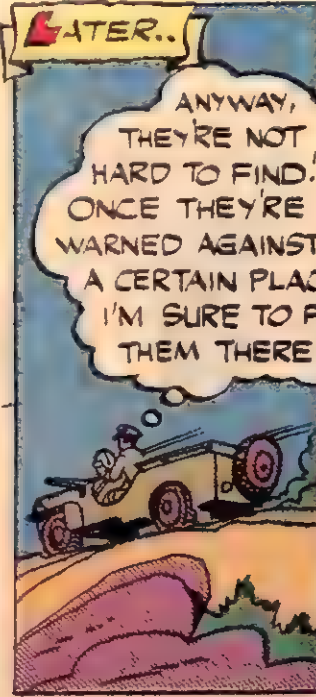
WHERE DID THAT
THING COME FROM?
HOW COULD IT
HAPPEN?

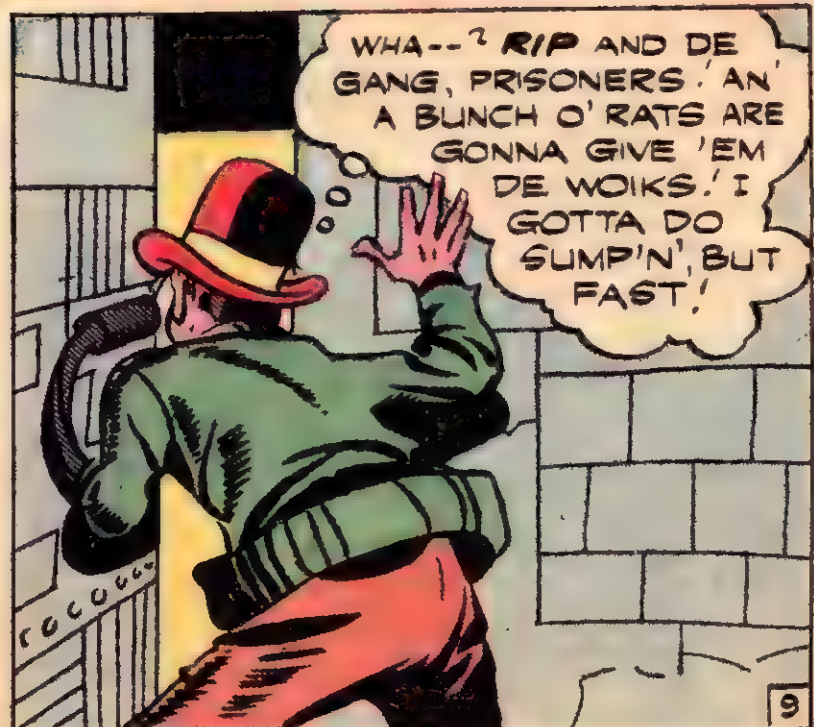
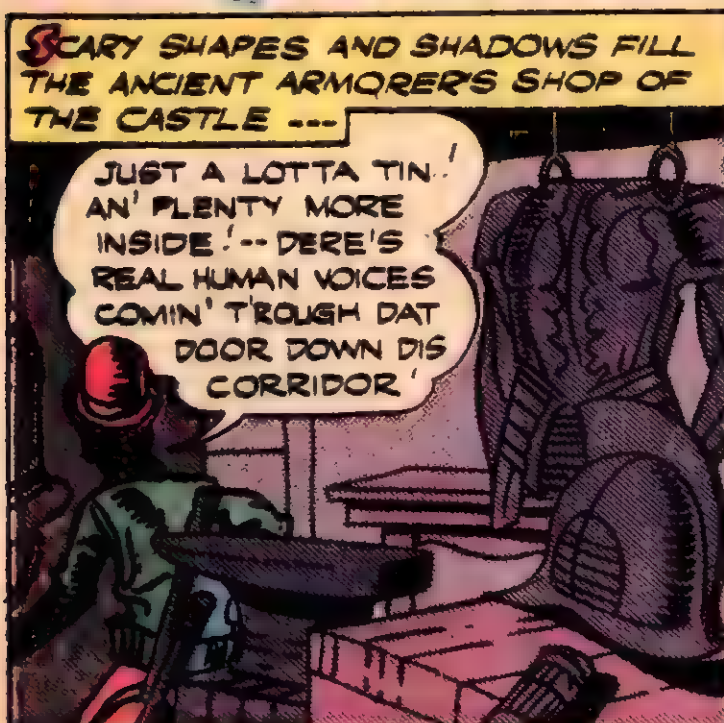
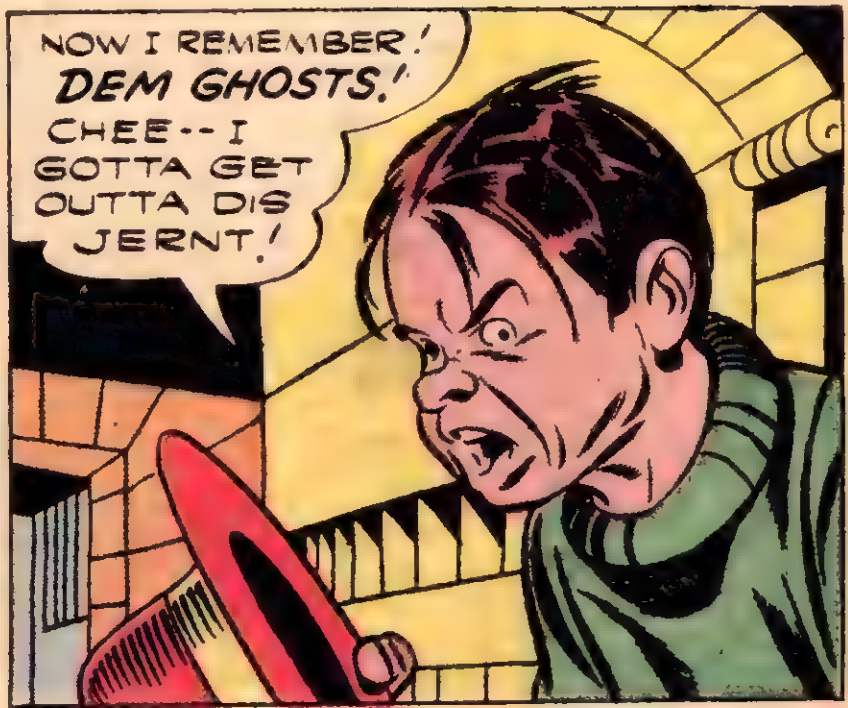
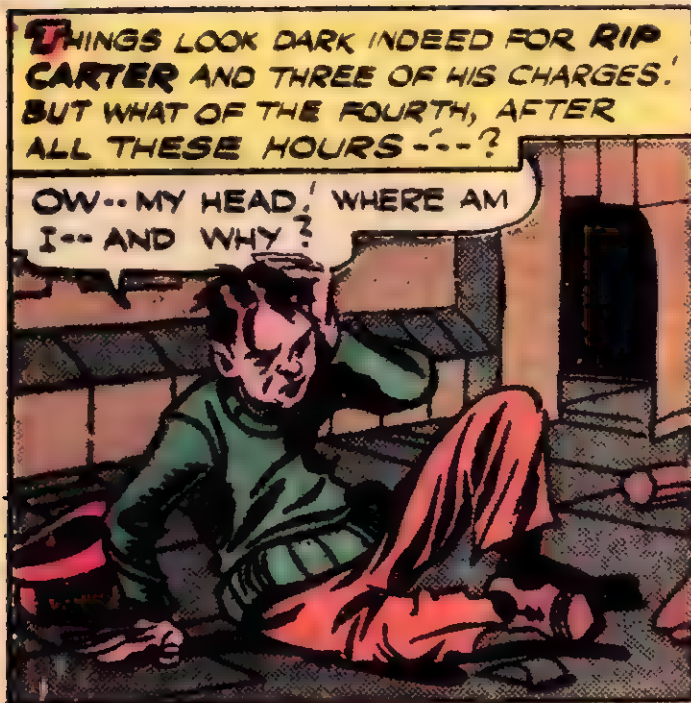
I KNOW THE
KIDS WOULDN'T
STAY AWAY
DELIBERATELY!
I'M WORRIED.

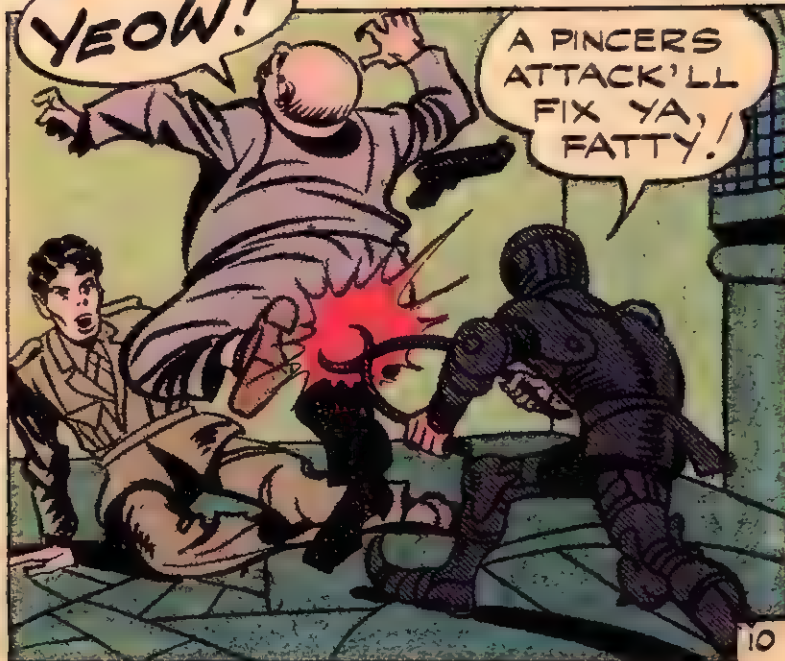
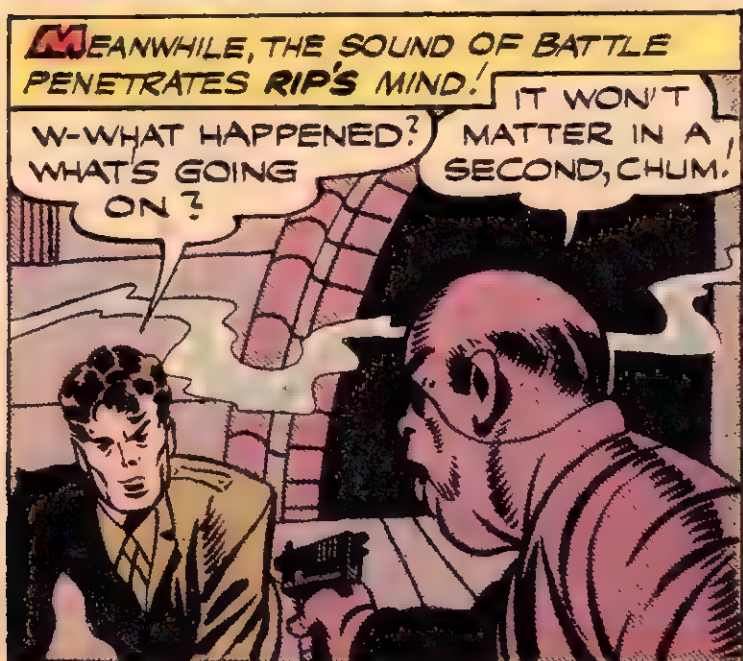
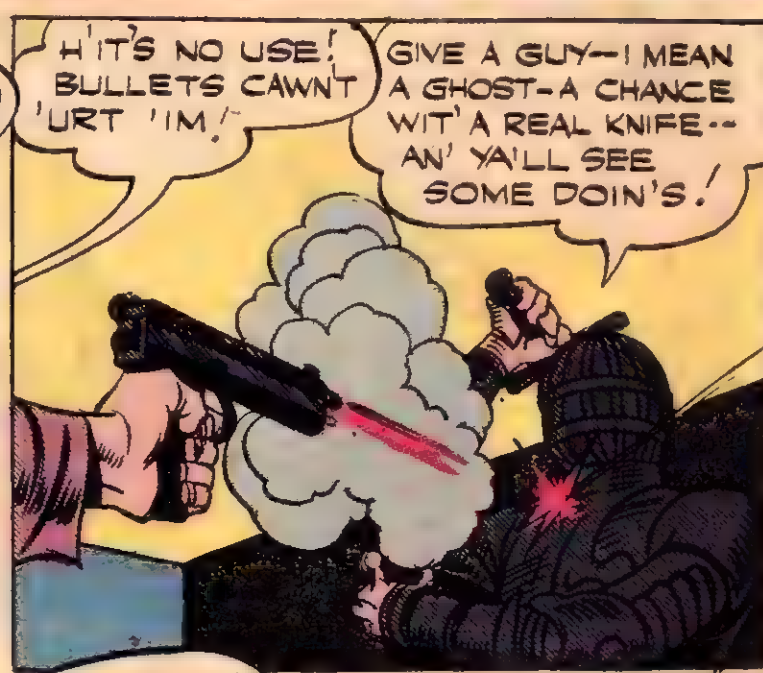
HOURS PASS--AND AS DARKNESS
DEEPENS, SO DOES RIP CARTER'S
ANXIETY!

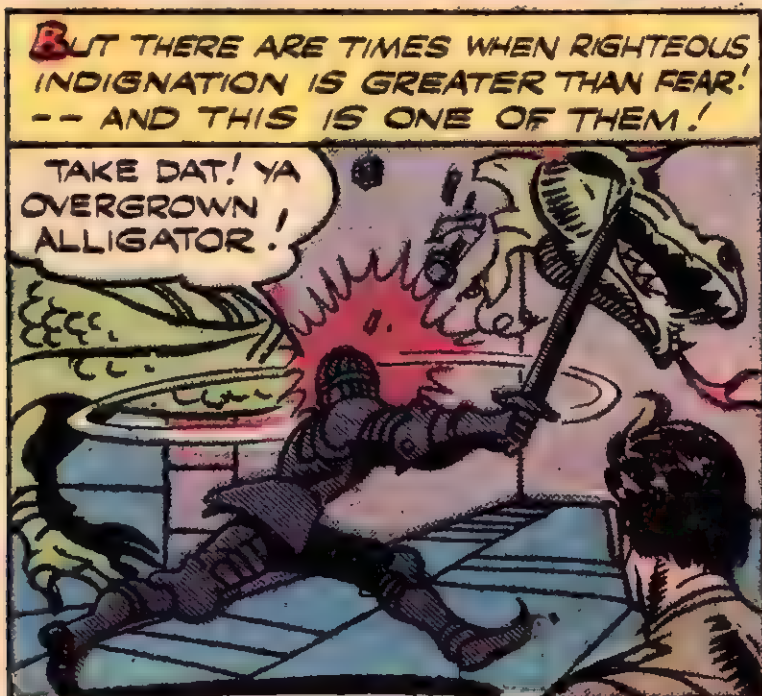
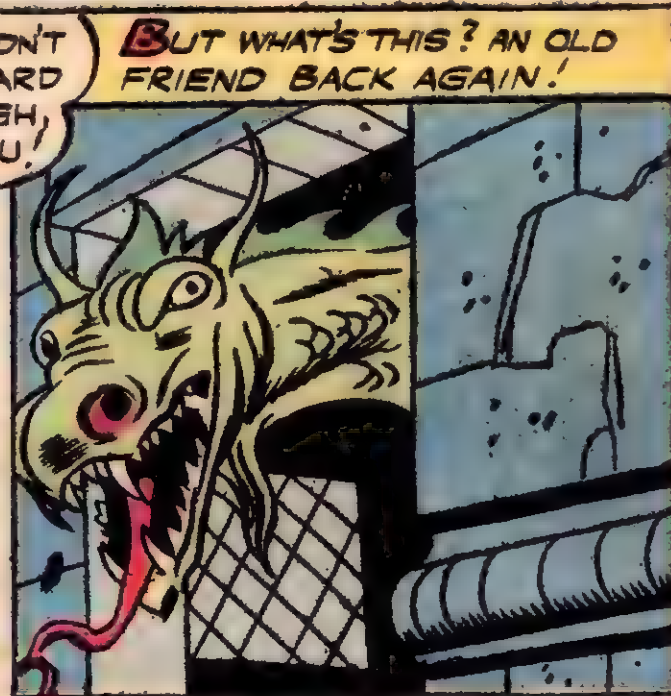
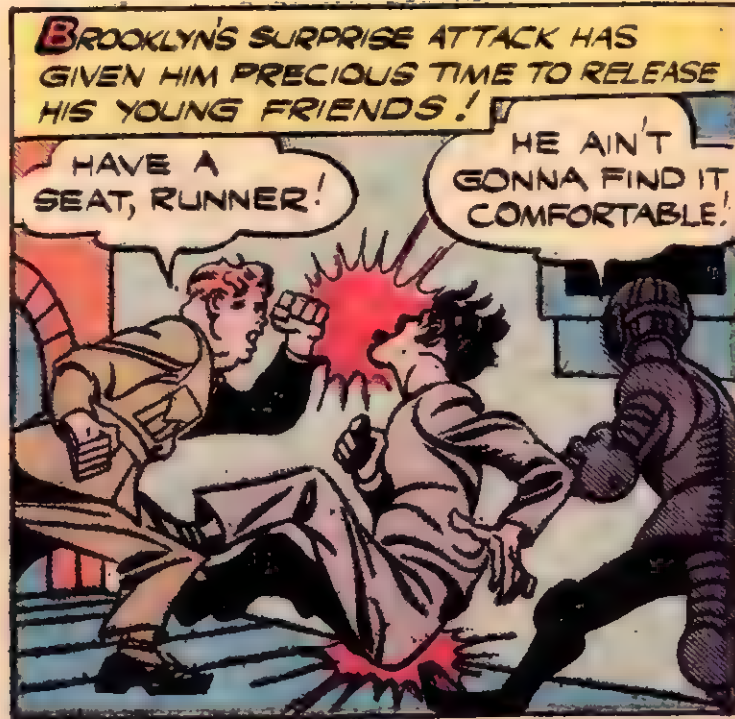


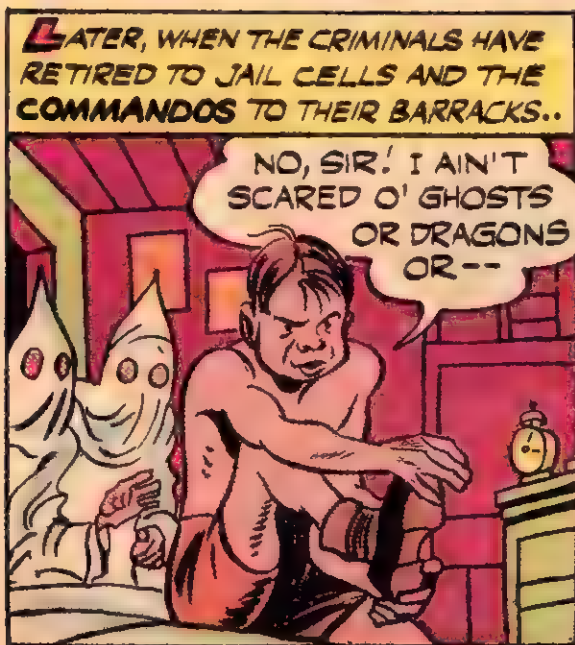
DON'T FRET, SIR!
THEY COULDN'T
MEET NO 'ARM H'IF
THEY STAYED H'AWAY
FROM KELVINS
KEEP!





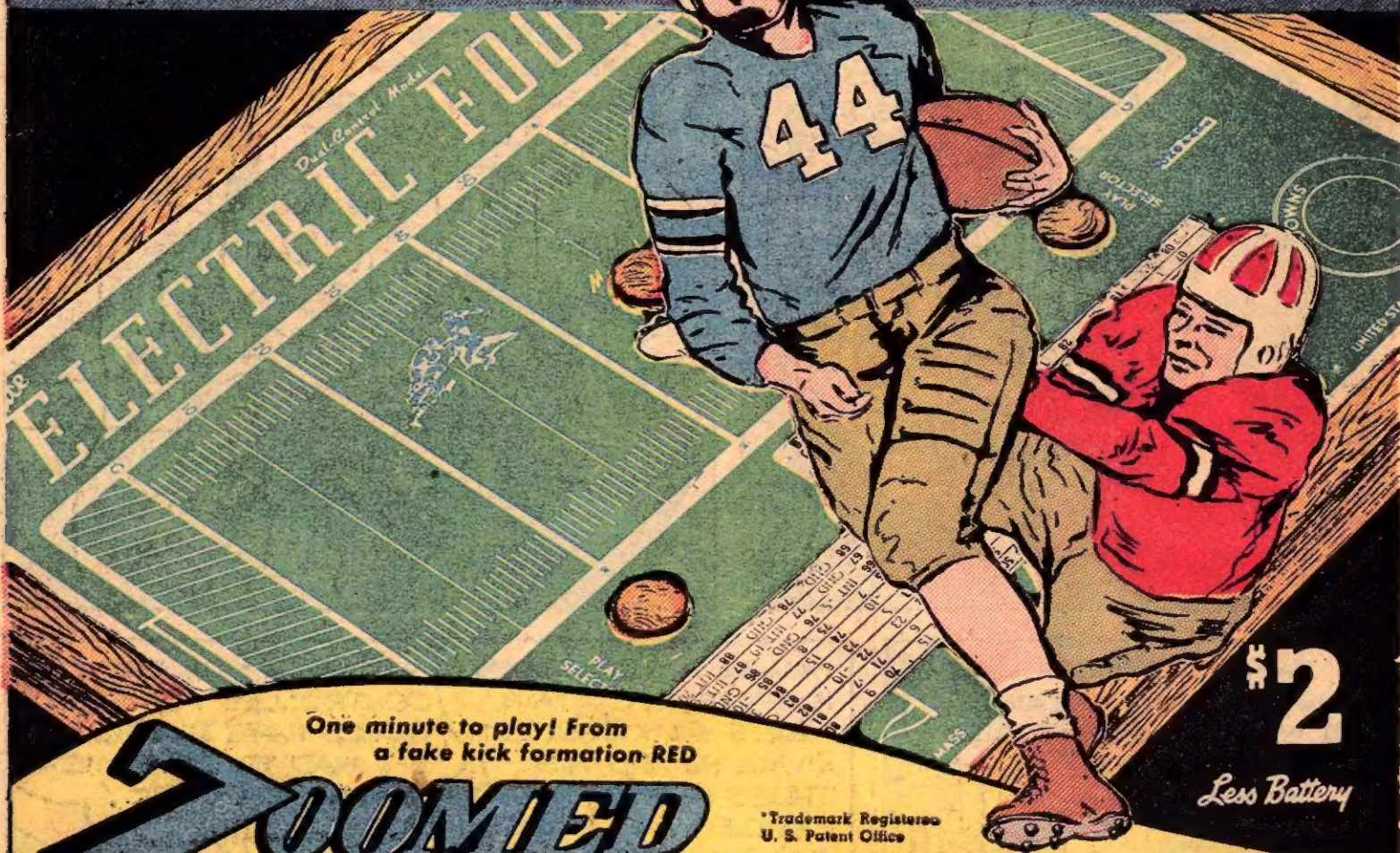






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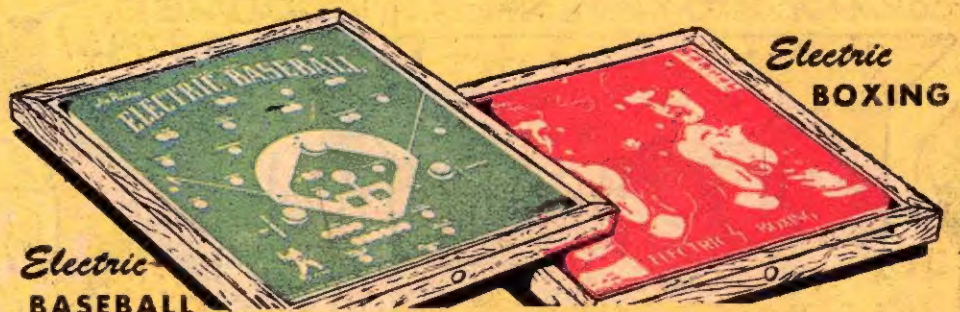
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train. But too many cops, G-men, guns. Couldn't try gettin' to you. But you did it alone! You're the old shootin' killer, eh? How many did you have to shoot on your way out?"

Blaze Moran's face hardened, his eyes narrowed to thin slits. He'd made a quick decision, now he talked. "Plenty! Now shut up, and lead me to your playmates. We've got to get out of here, all of us."

Sam was smiling again, his fear gone. "Sure, Blaze! We got as much to lose as you. And Knife's got a murder rap hangin' over im. But we got a car an' guns an' some cash. We can hop over to Mexico, start business again. You can use that trigger finger on some new suckers for our protection syndicate. It'll be like old times. Come on!"

A quick dash down two side streets. There, parked in an alley, was a powerful touring car, its side curtains down. Inside, safe in the shadows, were four men, two in the front and two in the back. Those in the back had ugly sub-machine guns across their knees. They lowered them when Sam and Blaze came up. Sam eagerly did all the explaining.

"Met him on the main street, fellas. Cool as ever, simply strollin' along, his hand on that gat of his. He didn't need our help to bust loose. What a master!"

Moran's face screwed into an ugly sneer. His hand darted inside his coat again. Smiles and words froze on the four bandits in the car. But they listened. Moran's voice was just a guttural croak, snapping orders.

"You, Knife!" The man with the deep scar down his face jerked to attention. "Yes, you! Drop that chatter-gun! And you too, up front there. Drop your guns!"

"But, boss! We can't . . ."

Blaze Moran's face twisted in ugly anger at Sam. Moran

hissed through clamped teeth, started to pull his .38 from its holster. "I'm giving the orders! Being in courts and jails for three years has made me a bit jumpy. I don't like guns . . . unless I'm handling them. I don't trust anybody! So pile all your stuff on the floor."

Sam was more than eager to help him. "It's the same old Blaze! Quick to get angry. So humor him, guys. We'll soon all be safe in Mexico."

The others obeyed. Their guns made an odd heap of weapons on the car floor. Knife even took a tiny pearl-handled small-calibre revolver from an inner pocket. "There you are, Blaze. You've got all the guns now. So climb in and let's get drivin' out of danger."

Suddenly, Blaze Moran acted. He swung open the car door. Swiftly he scooped the pile of gats and tommy-guns out into the street. Covering the five men at the same time, freezing them with just the threat of that gun-hand inside his jacket. The men's guns clattered on the pavement; some passers-by stopped to stare. Then Blaze Moran did a strange thing. He picked up Knife's pistol, fired it twice into the air. The two explosions shattered their own echoes,

boomed into the main avenue. A policeman halted in amazement, turned, started to run, tugging at his own service revolver. Up the avenue a police patrol car swerved madly toward the shots.

* * *

Hours later, the patrolmen and Blaze Moran were sitting in the police station. The capture had been complete. Five wanted men safe behind bars for good, and here was Blaze Moran himself, talking to a police captain.

"You see, I'm Blaze Moran. Yes. But not in real life. Actually I'm just a bit player over at Super-Movies Studios. I got this last job acting in a gangster movie because I look a lot like Blaze Moran. We're doing a movie on him called, PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1. A little make-up and the resemblance was complete. You see, I live my parts. I was acting, thinking, talking like Blaze Moran, who's safe in Alcatraz this minute. I even carried a gat in a shoulder holster." The actor put a dime-store toy gun on the table before the police. He grinned. "I guess I must be a swell actor, huh? Because I fooled Sam. The rest was pure bluff. But was I glad when those cops ran up!"

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SOMEONE
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